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OBSERVATIONS

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BY THE LATE

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OBSERVATIONS ON ITALY.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

CHURCHES—CHURCH OF SAN LORENZO—THE ANNUNZIATA—SANTA
MARIA NOVELLA —SANTO SPIRITO — SANTA CROCE— ROMAN
CATHOLIC CHURCH—PROFESSION OF A NUN.

CHURCH OF SAN LORENZO.

IN proceeding to offer a few observations on the churches of this city, I am induced to select San Lorenzo for my first subject, not so much as the most conspicuous in architecture, as from the peculiar interest it derives from its connexion with the tomb of the Medici, which forms one of its chapels.

In the earlier periods of the republic, San Lorenzo was considered the Metropolitan Church of Florence. Its existence is traced as far back as the year 393, when it was consecrated by St Ambrose; at the distance of nearly three hundred years, on its receiving some repairs and embellishments, this ceremony was again performed by Pope Nicholas the Second in person.

Towards the year 1417, during a grand festival held

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in commemoration of an union between the Guelphs of Arezzo and the Guelphs of Florence, the church was accidentally set on fire, and nearly consumed. A few years afterwards it was again rebuilt from a design of Brunelleschi.

The whole structure is considered as fine, an opinion sanctioned by Michael Angelo himself; but according to my idea, its general aspect possesses none of that beauty arising from just proportions, so essential to simplicity and grandeur in architecture. It measures nearly 400 feet in length, and only 100 in width, (not including the chapels,) the body of the church is therefore ungracefully long, while the cross is proportionably too short.

These defects are rendered more conspicuous by the unusual height of the pillars that divide the parts of the church, and which greatly contribute to make the intermediate spaces appear still more narrow. The church itself may be said to possess few claims to admiration; but its chapels are highly interesting. One of these was planned by Cosmo, first Grand Duke of Florence, after a design of Varari's being intended as a Mausoleum for the Mediccan family. At a later period, the original intention having been partly changed, and the whole enlarged, it was finished under the auspices of his successor, Ferdinand the First. The form of the chapel is octagon, and the effect produced by its general appearance is striking and beautiful. At the first view, the eye rests with surprise and delight on its magnificence, and its exquisite and noble proportions. The

marbles and precious stones, with which it is adorned, are finely varied, giving a rich and glowing harmony of colour, brilliant, yet chaste and simple.

The second chapel, the Tombs of the Medici, grand in its exterior architecture, as seen from every distant quarter of the city, is an object of a yet more peculiar interest, being the repository of those superb monuments of modern art, the celebrated statues of Michael Angelo. The plan of this edifice was conceived by Pope Leo the Tenth, and it was begun in the year 1520; the whole design and execution being committed to the abovementioned artist. I shall, however, touch but slightly on the architecture of the interior of the chapel, which greatly disappointed me. It is a large square room, formal and unadorned, having regular Corinthian pilasters, and corresponding doors and windows, arranged in that tame flat style of mixed architecture, so unpropitious to the solemn and imposing gloom of a mausoleum. The pilasters are painted of a cold grey colour, while the walls are left entirely of a pure white, the whole being gay, light, and showy, but most unimpressive.

It should have been vaulted, furnished with deep dark-coloured marbles, and superb brazen gates, while a dim and chastened light, only rendering the monuments of the Medici visible, would have heightened the effect produced by their magnificence.

But from the architecture and ornaments of the chapel, we turn with the deepest interest to the statues of Michael Angelo; till I beheld them, I had formed

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no conception of the splendour of genius and taste possessed by this artist; they are works which evince a grandeur and originality of thought, a boldness and freedom of design and execution, unparalleled.

Two sarcophagi, those of Lorenzo and Julian, are each supported by two figures. The personification of the Twilight and Aurora guards the remains of Lorenzo, and the Night and the Day those of his brother.

The Crepuscule, or Twilight, is represented by a superb manly figure, reclining and looking down; the wonderful breadth of chest, and fine balance of the sunk shoulder, are masterly, and the right limb, which is finished, is incomparable.

The Aurora is a female form of the most exquisite proportions; the head of a grand and heroic cast, and the drapery, which falls in thin transparent folds from the turban, is full of grace, while, in her noble countenance, a spring of thought, an awakening principle, seems to breathe, as if the rising day awaited the opening of her eyes.

Day is much unfinished; little more than blocked, yet most magnificent. To have done more would have diminished the noble effect of the whole, which is only heightened by what is left to the imagination. Perhaps none but a mind so gifted as that of this great master could have conceived this, or succeeded in so bold an attempt. Genius is creative; this great artist did not imitate; he meditated, and in his moments of inspiration, dashed out the most superb inventions, often imperfect, but always grandly conceived. Doubt-

less, the unfinished state in which many of his splendid works were left, must have been occasioned by that impatience, so often the concomitant of genius, which, having attained its grand object in striking out splendour of effect, becomes weary, and forsakes the details.

The personification of Night, in sleep and silence, is finely imagined—the attitude is beautiful, mournful, and full of the most touching expression; the drooping head, the supporting hand, and the rich head-dress, are unrivalled in the arts.

There are in this chapel, forming a part of the group, or at least of the subject, two statues of Lorenzo and Julian de' Medici, by the same master. They are both in armour.

The figure of Lorenzo is simple and impressive. The whole character of this piece is marked by a cast of gloomy melancholy, which awakens the idea of his brooding over the fate of his murdered brother; their mutual affection being represented by the writers of the day as having been of almost a romantic character.

The figure of Julian is a noble heroic statue. He is seated, the left hand gloved and raised; the bent forefinger touches the upper lip, which is admirably expressed, seeming literally to yield to the pressure. The helmet, fine in form and proportion, throws a deep shade on the countenance.

THE ANNUNZIATA.

The Annunziata is a beautiful church, of the finest proportions and richest architecture. It consists of a nave only, and is of a long form, in the manner of a cross, with superb pilasters of the finest marble, and gilded capitals of the Corinthian order, supporting a heavy cornice. The side chapels are arched towards the church, the prospect being terminated by a view of the high altar, seated in the great dome, and round which smaller chapels, bearing the same character of arches and of Corinthian pilasters, form a semicircle. The organ galleries, composed of beautiful white marble, are situated opposite to each other at the end next to the transept; fluted columns, with enriched Ionic capitals, support the tresses which carry each organ gallery, and those form a slight projection over the plane of the church with fine effect.

The forms of the interior of this edifice, with the style and manner of the decoration with which it is embellished, are in the most correct keeping; rich in varied marbles, in architecture, in statuary, in painting, as also in its chapels and its noble dome. The whole coup d'œil is superb, yet the magnificence is without gaudiness, as the high finish which distinguishes every portion is without littleness.

Near the entrance of the church, we find the gloomy but highly ornamented antique chapel of the family dei Pucci, styled San Sebastiano. The picture of this

saint giving the name to the chapel, is by Pollajolo. He is represented bound to a post, and shot at by cross-bows, surrounded by figures in various attitudes. This work is generally mentioned with approbation, yet the whole manner is hard, and the colouring cold.

Passing from this fine antique chapel, you enter into a Cortile, or Cloister, adorned by many superb paintings. There are especially three very fine pieces by Andrea del Sarto. The first is a touching representation of two little children, one lying dead and the other half raised, recovered by touching the cloak of Saint Philip. In the second picture, the same saint is supposed to have called down lightning from Heaven on some passengers who had returned his admonitions by blaspheming; a tree seen scathed and torn, some figures flying in terror, while two are lying stretched in death. The drawing of one of these, in particular, is very good. The third picture still represents St. Philip, here delivering a young girl from evil spirits.

On the other side of the cloister there are also three paintings of superior merit. The first is the Espousals of the Madonna by Franciabigio; the second, the Ascension, by Rosso; and the third, Mary's visit to Elizabeth, by Pontormo. This last is the most entire, the finest of the three, and most superb in composition and drawing. Passing from this into a second cloister, you find some exquisite specimens of fresco painting, presenting an opportunity of judging of the whole power and beauty of which this style is susceptible. One, in particular, is a production in the highest style of

excellence. It is a painting which has been much admired by Michael Angelo and Titian, the Holy Family, by Andrea del Sarto, called *Madonna del Sacco*. The form of the Virgin is round and full, yet most youthful, her countenance beautiful, and the drapery rich and in quiet colouring. Joseph, who is drawn much in shade, is seen in the back ground, sitting on a sack, from which the name of the painting is taken; his beard and harder features contrasting in fine effect with the soft loveliness of the Madonna. The whole composition combines with fine drawing and chaste colouring, the most touching simplicity.

Some paintings by Poccetti, as also by Rossellini, are likewise very good. The fresco paintings of these cloisters are in a style of excellence that renders them a school worthy of the attention of the first masters. The compositions are in general fine, the drawings broad, full, and true to nature, and the colouring exquisitely rich, yet not gaudy. The invention displayed in the designs—the varied beauty of the female forms—the gentle bendings and fine roundings of the limbs—with the richness of the draperies, are truly astonishing; we find, among other subjects, grand and solemn scenes of dying priests, with mourning brethren, meetings of the faithful, penitents received and pardoned, extreme unction administered, or groups of monks and holy men persecuted and sorrowful.

Leaving these cloisters, and returning to the church, you enter, on the left hand, a superb chapel of white marble, in rich Corinthian architecture, after a design

by Michelozzo, the grand altar of which is of solid silver with a beautiful bronze railing; but the whole is rather deficient in simplicity. Within this there is a small chapel, or oratory, composed of the finest marble, with the most delicate workmanship, and an object of interest, at least from the consideration that such things will never be wrought again. The second chapel, called dei Ferroni, is also very beautiful and rich in sculpture. The figures of St Domenico by Marcellini and that of St Francis, by Cateni, have considerable merit, and if, instead of being grouped as they now are, they had stood solitary, and only dimly seen, with the light streaming from above, they would have produced a great effect. In the third chapel there is a picture of the Last Judgment, by Allori, which is held in high estimation. But yet the figures are without action, the faces without expression, and the colouring flat and tame. In the fourth chapel, we find a painting representing the Crucifixion, by Stradone, also much praised, but more deservedly, the composition of this being very fine. The figure of our Saviour is powerfully drawn, while the melancholy, pale, resigned countenance of Mary, who stands with clasped hands at the foot of the cross, has a character of the most touching sorrow. The design, however, is in some degree injured from the crosses of the thieves being placed too near to that of our Saviour, which lessens the solemn dignity of the scene. In the ceiling of the transept of the fifth chapel there is some beautiful painting in fresco by Volterrano. The sixth erected

after a design of John of Bologna, is a specimen of beautiful and simple architecture, the columns and friezes are in exquisite proportions and finely enriched with many small basso relievos in bronze, and with paintings and pieces of sculpture of great merit. The Resurrection, by Ligozzi, forming one of the paintings of the altar-pieces, is very fine. The ceiling in fresco, is also good. Of the works in sculpture, the small statues of three feet and a half are well executed. In the seventh, there is a very fine painting, representing the seven Blessed, by A. Nannetti. In the eighth, a much celebrated painting, by Passignano, of our Saviour curing the blind. This is truly a dignified, beautiful, and simple composition. In the ninth chapel, an admirable picture, by Donnini, representing the Virgin and Child, with four other figures.

We find in the chapel dei Peruzzi a very fine picture by Cosimo Ulivelli, representing Christ in the act of healing a wound, of St Pellegrino Laziosi Servita: although the subject is not pleasing, it is nevertheless a work of great merit. There is likewise to be seen here the celebrated picture, by Empoli, representing the Virgin and at her feet St Nicolo and other holy men. It is painted on yellow ground, after the barbarous manner of Perugino, but is, notwithstanding, a masterly piece, the drawing is broad and full, and the grouping fine.

Among the works in sculpture in this church, there is one by Bandinelli of considerable merit, and which I am the more willing to praise, having had

occasion more than once to censure the chisel of this artist.

The marble in question marks his tomb, which is in the chapel bearing his name, and represents our Saviour taken down from the cross, and supported in the arms and against the knee of Nicodemus. The forms of our Saviour's body are full, round, and fleshy, with much grandeur of manner and style, and without any affectation of anatomy, excepting one stroke, (which, however, is very conspicuous, and consequently injurious,) in the left biceps, which is too rigid. There is also an error in the composition, which greatly lessens the dignity of the whole; the figure of Nicodemus is too small, bearing no proportion to the form of our Saviour; this has the united bad effect of giving an appearance of too great bulk to the body of our Saviour, and consequent feebleness to the sustaining figure. Nicodemus, a well-bearded, square, and rather vulgar personage, is Bandinelli's portrait of himself. Here (says the inscription under the figure of our Saviour) lie the body of Bandinelli; and Giacobba Doria, his wife. He has placed four hideous skulls on the sarcophagus. I have always regarded such quaint, and yet melancholy mementos of dissolution, as remains of barbarism, and unworthy of that good taste and feeling which we expect in a great artist.

There are two fine ornaments in white marble, covering the remains of two holy men, placed in the opening of the circle of the great choir, on each of which, a figure, in the costume of a bishop, lies

recumbent, finely executed, and producing a rich effect. Also, in the opening of the circle to the great Duomo, we find two sculptured pieces of great merit; the one a statue of St Paul, the other of St Peter, which last, in particular, is of great excellence. The forms are fine, the position of the head, noble, with much of grandeur in the manner and action of the whole. He holds the key in his right hand, with which he touches the Book of Truth placed in his left, as if in appeal to its sacred authority.

The dome of this edifice was erected after a design of Alberti, the historian and poet, and the high altar from one by Da Vinci. The architecture and proportions of both are fine, as are the paintings of the cupola in fresco by Volterrano.

SANTA MARIA NOVELLA.

The external architecture of this edifice presents an uncouth mixture of the Gothic and the Grecian. But within, the grand columns, their elevation, the light and beautiful arches rising above them, the size, height, and vast length of the church, the wide-spread gate, admitting a flood of light that illuminates the whole, are very fine.

Nothing seems to me so necessary, and appropriate, in the excellence of Gothic Cathedrals, as that immensity which makes man feel his own insignificance. The cloisters of this church, composed of fine spreading arches, short octagon pillars, with full expanding

capitals, are of beautiful architecture. There is much painting, but all in a style of mediocrity.

SANTO SPIRITO.

The architecture of this fine church is Grecian, and of the finest Corinthian order, and esteemed one of Brunelleschi's greatest works. But in this edifice, where I expected to be most charmed, I am most displeased with the effect of Grecian architecture in churches. It is appropriate to public edifices, palaces, temples, mausoleums,—to almost any buildings, except churches. I cannot reconcile the tameness, the flatness, the long unadorned sides, and square household windows, with my ideas of solemn and sacred grandeur.

We find in this church the much admired group of our Saviour and the Virgin, styled *la Pietà* by Nanni di Baccio Bigio, in imitation of Buonaroti's celebrated work on the same subject, now in the Vatican. It is a piece of great merit, and, in point of anatomy, one of the finest things I have yet seen. The whole figure is finely laid out, and admirably balanced; the proportions are beautiful, the chest broad, and the ribs, loins, and pectoral muscles, most skilfully marked.

THE CHURCH OF ST MARK.—This edifice is in a very different style, less grand, but more beautiful, and well worthy of being carefully visited, not only on account of the works of art to be found there, but also from the splendid and much-admired chapel, styled *St Antonino*, executed after a design of John of

Bologna, which, for architecture, statuary, and painting, is truly superb. In one of the oratories of this chapel, there are two exquisite pictures by Naldini. 1st, the Resurrection of Lazarus; 2d, the Vision of Ezckiel « of the valley of bones, » a subject grand and imaginative beyond conception, and finely treated.

SAN ROMOLO CHIESA IN PIAZZA DEL GRANDUCA.—In this church we find the celebrated picture of Fra. Bartholomeo, styled *Misericordia*. Our Saviour is represented with an outstretched hand, holding a scroll; the Virgin stands a little lower, and angels sustain a canopy over them, the fore-ground being filled by different groups. The composition is good, and the colouring rich; but the outline is harsh, and the figures as stiff and mechanical as those of Giotto. But the celebrity of this work has arisen from the portrait of an old woman, of sixty or seventy years of age, which is treated in the finest manner, the features strongly marked, with a keenness of expression inconceivable. There is also here a companion to this piece, painted by the same artist, which has been much admired by West; but it seems to me to possess so little merit, that I am almost persuaded that this great master must have written his critique on report. The Almighty is figured under the form of an old man seated in the heavens, and surrounded by innumerable cherubs; two of the fingers of the right hand are raised, the left holds a book, on one page of which Alpha is inscribed, on the other Omega; below stand St Mary, Catherine, and Mary Magdalene; the ground is of a

pale hue, mingling in the extreme line with the blue of the horizon, illumined by a ray of sunshine. The effect of this is most beautiful, and with the landscape, composes all that is precious in the picture. The figure representing the Almighty, is stiff, and totally without grandeur; while the same character of hardness in outline, distinguishable in his first piece, is also to be found in this.

SANTA CROCE.

This edifice, which was erected in 1294, by Arnolphi di Lapo, offers, in its interior, specimens of the earliest manner, on the first revival of the arts, mingled with portions of the most finished order of the Grecian architecture. The space is divided into three aisles, formed by acute Gothic arches; the pilasters and supporting columns are of the rudest work; while the side-chapels, which, contrary to the usual custom, are not enclosed, but spread out like arched doors upon the walls, were re-built in the sixteenth century, and at that period marked the progress of the arts. The light, dimly penetrating through high narrow windows of painted glass, strikes obliquely against the walls and pillars, leaving a long and dark void below, gloomy and dim, but yet not unpropitious to the grandeur of general effect. The chief sources of interest in this church arise from its paintings and monuments; it may be styled a national depository, sacred to the memory of celebrated men.

Among these there are a few paintings of considerable merit; as also monuments; and some noble works in sculpture. I shall merely mention a very few of the paintings most worthy of notice, and then, in the same cursory manner, take a survey of the monumental and sculptured objects.

The Crucifixion, by Santi di Tito, is very fine; the drawing good, the style full and broad, and the draperies grand.

The Deposition from the Cross, by Cigoli. Our Saviour received into the arms of our Heavenly Father, attended by angels. The composition is simple, touching, and beautiful, the execution masterly, and the colouring pleasing.

The Martyrdom of San Lorenzo, by Ligozzi; a noble picture, of much character and action.

The Assumption and Coronation of the Virgin, by Allori; also a most superb painting, although the composition is somewhat injured by the crowding of the figures in the fore-ground.

The supper of Emaus by Santi di Tito is finely designed, simple and beautiful in its character, and possessing much expression, for which this master was particularly distinguished.

Bronzino's Liberation of Souls from limbo. This painting has obtained a name, and is generally mentioned with distinction; an advantage, however, which, I should be inclined to believe, arises chiefly from its imposing bulk. Our Saviour is represented with Adam, Eve, and Isaac; and the fore-ground is filled by

Rebecca, and other members of Isaac's family. The countenances of the females are portraits, and extremely beautiful; but this, in my opinion, forms the sole attraction of the picture. The figure of our Saviour is ill drawn, and the forms are without dignity: while the personages who occupy the space on the other side, are formal, large, and heavy. The whole manner, tone, and colouring, is tame and flat.

I shall conclude this short list, chosen from among the number of paintings contained in this church, with the designs in fresco of the ceiling in the Chapel dei Ricardi, which are exquisite, especially some small designs, representing our Saviour's sufferings and crucifixion, singularly beautiful, and executed with the most touching simplicity, which, though found here, on the ceiling of a small side chapel, are yet worthy to adorn a royal cabinet.

Among the monumental works, I would particularly distinguish the tomb of Machiavelli, as a noble specimen of the antique style, and a most simple and chaste composition. A statue, representing the combined character of the historian and politician, reclines on his sarcophagus. The whole is after a design of Innocenzio Spinazzi.

The sepulchre of the poet Marzupini, by Desiderio da Settignano, is beautiful, the taste and workmanship exquisite, as well as the figure supposed to represent the poet himself, which reposes on the sarcophagus.

The monument of Alfieri, by Canova. This is a work claiming particular attention, not only from the

feelings excited by the memory of him to whom it is sacred, but also from the interest inspired by a display of the talents of a living artist.

The effect and composition of this work are brilliant. I cannot, however, entirely approve of the manner, which, in my opinion, wants simplicity. Instead of a fine antique square sarcophagus, the whole is in oval forms, one curve rising above another; while the figure of weeping Italy, is bulky, and yet wanting in grandeur.

The sepulchre of Michael Angelo is a grand piece of sculpture. His bust, the work of B. Lorenzi, is finely executed, and esteemed a perfect resemblance of the artist. The three mourning figures, representing the sister arts, are the work of his disciples.

Of the great names among the remains deposited in this church, that of Galileo bears a distinguished place.

This great man, though late, yet at length obtained the honours due to his high talents. This tomb was erected by the gratitude and respect of one of his pupils, and the whole accomplished at the private expence of a noble Florentine family. His bust is placed on the sarcophagus, which is supported by two figures, representing the sciences of astronomy and geometry.

Among these monuments, there is none more deserving of notice than, the sepulchre of Leonardo Bruni, a noble Aretino, by Bernardo Rossellini; the whole composition and manner being in the finest antique style.

I am also led to mention a sculpture in the chapel styled dei Cavalcanti. We find here two figures representing the Annunciation, executed in vitrified earth,

by Donatello; as also the Crucifixion, in wood, by the same artist. This last was the first distinguished work by which his talents were made known.

We have an interesting account in his life by Vasari, in which we are told, that when it was finished he called upon his friend Brunelleschi, requesting him to tell him ingenuously what he thought of it. This artist who had expected something much finer, only smiled, without making any reply. Observing this, Donatello begged him to state his opinion frankly, upon which Filippo with somewhat more of sincerity than courtesy replied, that he had represented a coarse rustic, and not the forms of the Saviour. Nevertheless notwithstanding the severity of Brunelleschi's critique the work is not without merit. *

In the Chapel dei Nicolini, we find five statues in marble, the work of Francavilla, well deserving of notice. These represent Aaron, Moses, Prudence, Humi-

* Donatello (adds Vasari in continuation of the above anecdote) stung by the severity of his friend's observation, rendered the more bitter as he had only looked for applause, replied drily. « Were it as easy to execute as to pronounce judgment on a work, perhaps mine might seem in your eyes to offer the forms of a Deity, rather than those of a coarse rustic: but provide yourself with a block, and do you likewise endeavour to represent the Saviour »: Filippo without further discussion returned home, and immediately, but secretly, put his hand to the Crucifixion: spurred at once by the desire of proving the correctness of his assertion, and of surpassing Donatello, he completed his labours in the course of some months, producing a work of infinite merit. Having thus accomplished his object, he one morning carelessly asked his friend to dine with him. Donatello having accepted his invitation they proceeded together to Mercato vecchio, where Filippo purchased some provisions, which committing to his friend he requested him to carry them to his house,

lity, and Chastity. Aaron is a noble work, and grandly designed. He is represented in a meditating posture, fine as the Lorenzo of Michael Angelo, and exquisitely rich in every part of the drapery. Moses is also fine, although inferior to Aaron; the beard, especially, is caricatured, falling in voluminous rolls to his girdle, so as to produce something of a grotesque effect. The personification of Prudence has considerable merit; the hands (and it is perhaps allowable) are rather large and strong; but the composition, on the whole, is good.

The figure of Humility is very beautiful and well imagined, the countenance mild, and the forms and contour have a gentle and pleasing expression.

The fresco paintings of the ceiling of this chapel are well worthy of notice; they are by Volterrano. He has filled the circles between the windows with the four Sibyls, executed in a noble style, great prophetic forms, in the richest tones of colouring.

where he would presently join him. Donatello in consequence directed his steps towards the residence of his host, which he entered, and proceeding to the inner apartment the Crucifixion placed in the most propitious light suddenly met his view. He stood for a moment rooted to the spot in fixed attention, when in an extasy of admiration, he clasped his hands, suffering the objects he held in his apron to fall unheeded on the floor, unconscious in his wrapped enthusiasm of the noise occasioned by the broken and smashed articles, which lay spread out around him. He was now joined by Philippos, who laughing, inquired what might be his intention, how shall we dine, since all our provisions lie scattered on the ground? As for me, replied Donatello, I have had my part, if you wish to have yours you must gather it up. The die is cast, he added, to you it is conceded to sculpture the forms of a Deity, to me those of a rustic.

(*Note of the Ital. Trans.*)

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Nothing is more touching than the solemn and silent grandeur of a Roman Catholic Church ; thither the poor and the distressed, the weary and the hungry , continually resort ; and many a lonely helpless being is dimly distinguished in a sequestered corner in fervent prayer. Here every variety of human character may be seen ; thoughtless careless youth ; the pallid , haggard , unhappy peasant, encumbered with disease ; the forlorn widow , bending in sorrow over her little ones ; and the aged man, with his bald and shining head, sprinkled with a few remaining hairs , clasping his hands , and praying for release from life's uninteresting and weary scene.

The habit of penitence, the use of confession, the solitary indulgence of an humble and contrite spirit , carry many a mourning soul to the foot of the altar, kissing the relic to which it is consecrated.

Must not scenes like these make painters ? Can these fine figures, touched by the fading gleams darting from the richly-painted window , fail of impressing a mind the least sensible to the beauties of the art ?

If vastness and solitude can prepare the mind ; if columns and monuments, arches and broken angles, lights descending from above, long perspectives, gloomy recesses, figures rising in a dark ground, can inspire a painter and affect him with melancholy tender images, the painters of Italy should certainly excel.

PROFESSION OF A NUN.

Among the institutions of the Roman Catholic faith, monasteries form a conspicuous feature. It is impossible, I think, to reflect on the state of beings thus cut off from all the social ties of life, without a sensation of melancholy; a sensation which is more especially awakened to the situation of female votaries, their stricter rules, and more uninterrupted seclusion, separating them from the world by stronger barriers than those opposed to the other sex.

The profession of a young nun can hardly be witnessed without exciting feelings of strong emotion. To behold a being in the early dawn of youth, about to forsake the world, while its joys alone are painted to the imagination, and sorrow, yet untasted, seems far distant—to see her, with solemn vows, and crossing that threshold, which may not again be repassed, and which separates her for ever from all those scenes that give interest, and delight, and joy to life—to imagine her in the lonely cell, that is to replace the beauty and the grandeur of nature, presents a picture, that must fill the mind with powerful feelings of sadness.

Such is the illusion, such the sensation inspired by the solemn scene, which I believe that he whose faith allows, or he whom a different persuasion leads to deplore the sacrifice, will yet, for the moment, behold with equal emotion.

The mind, if not more than usually cold, will with

difficulty suppress the tear that rushes from the heart, when contemplating, in perspective, the long listless life which lies spread out, in an unvarying form, before her who is thus, for the last time, surrounded by a busy throng, and adorned with a splendour that seems but to mock her fate. †

* * * * *

The convent in which we were now to behold this ceremony belongs to an austere order styled « Lume sacro » having severe regulations, enforcing silence and contemplation.

One of their symbols resembles the ancient custom of the Vestal Virgins; like them, they are enjoined to watch continually over the sacred lamp, burning for ever. The costume of this community differs essentially from that usually worn, and is singularly beautiful and picturesque; but, while it pleases the eye, it covers an ascetic severity, their waist being grasped, under the garment, by an iron girdle, which is never loosened.

It appeared that the fortunes of the fair being who was this day to take veil, had been marked by events so full of sorrow, that her story, which was told in

† In the Author's notes on Rome, he again touches on this subject, and gives a description of the ceremony of a nun's taking the veil, which the Editor has ventured to introduce here, as it seemed to assimilate well with the above reflections.

(*Note of the Editor*)

whispers by those assembled, was not listened to without the deepest emotion. Circumstances of the most affecting nature had driven her to seek shelter in a sanctuary, where the afflicted may weep in silence, and where, if sorrow is not assuaged, its tears are hidden.

All awaited the moment of her entrance with anxious impatience, and on her appearance, every eye was directed towards her, with an expression of the deepest interest. Splendidly adorned, as is customary on these occasions, and attended by a female friend of high rank, she slowly advanced to the seat assigned her near the altar. Her fine form rose above the middle stature, a gentle bend marked her contour, but it seemed as the yielding of a fading flower; her deep blue eyes, which were occasionally in pious awe raised to Heaven, and her long dark eyelashes, gave life to a beautiful countenance, on which resignation seemed portrayed. The places allotted to us as being strangers, whom the Italians never fail to distinguish by the most courteous manners, were such as not only to enable us to view the whole ceremony, but to contemplate the features and expression of this interesting being.

She was the only child of doating parents; but while their afflicted spirit found vent in the tears which coursed over cheeks chilled by sorrow, they yet beheld their treasure about to be for ever separated from them, with that resignation which piety inspires, while yielding to a sacrifice made to Heaven. The ceremony now began, the priest pronounced a discourse, and the other observances proceeded in the usual track.

At length the solemn moment approached which was to bind her vows to Heaven. She arose and stood a few moments before the altar; when suddenly, yet with noiseless action, she sank extended on the marble floor, and instantly the long black pall was thrown over her. Every heart seemed to shudder, and a momentary pause ensued; when the deep silence was broken, by the low tones of the organ, accompanied by soft and beautiful female voices, singing the service of the dead (the requiem.) The sound gently swelled in the air, and as the harmonious volume became more powerful, the deep church bell at intervals sounded with a loud clantour, exciting a mixed feeling of agitation and grandeur.

Tears were the silent expression of the emotion which thrilled through every heart. This solemn music continued long, and still fell mournfully on the ear; and yet seraphic as in softened tones, and as it were receding in the distance, it gently sank into silence. The young novice was then raised, and advancing towards the priest, she bent down, kneeling at his feet, while he cut a lock of her hair, as a type of the ceremony that was to deprive her of this, to her no longer valued, ornament. Her attendant then despoiled her of the rich jewels with which she was adorned; her splendid upper vesture was thrown off, and replaced by a monastic garment; her long tresses bound up, her temples covered with fair linen; the white crown, emblem of innocence, fixed on her head, and the crucifix placed in her hands.

Then kneeling low once more before the altar, she

uttered her last vow to Heaven ; at which moment the organ and choristers burst forth in loud shouts of triumph , and in the same instant the cannon from St Angelo gave notice that her solemn vows were registered.

The ceremony finished , she arose and attended in procession , proceeded towards a wide iron gate , dividing the church from the monastery , which , opening wide , displayed a small chapel beautifully illuminated ; a thousand lights shed a brilliant lustre , whose lengthened gleams seemed sinking into darkness , as they shot through the long perspective of the distant aisle. In the fore ground , in a blazing focus of light , stood an altar , from which , in a divided line , the nuns of the community were seen , each holding a large burning wax taper. They seemed to be disposed in order of seniority , and the two youngest were still adorned with the white crown , as being in the first week of their noviciate.

Both seemed in early youth , and their cheeks , yet unpaled by monastic vigils , bloomed with a brightened tint , while their eyes sparkled , and a smile seemed struggling with the solemnity of the moment , in expression of their innocent delight in beholding the approach of her who had that day offered up her vows , and become one of the community.

The others stood in succession , with looks more subdued , pale , mild , collected , the head gently bending toward the earth in contemplation. The procession stopped at the threshold of the church , when the young nun was received and embraced by the Lady Abbess ,

who, leading her onwards, was followed in procession by the nuns, each bearing a lighted torch.

It might be the brilliant light shed on the surrounding objects, or the momentary charm lent by enthusiasm, that dangerous spirit of the mind, deceiving the eye and the heart, which gave to these fair beings a fascination more than real; but such were my feelings, so fixed my attention, that when their forms faded from my view, when the gate was closed, and I turned again towards the busy throng and crowded street, I felt a heaviness of heart, even to pain, weigh upon me.



CHAPTER SEVENTH.

ON ANCIENT STATUARY—THE FIGHTING GLADIATOR—GALLERY
OF FLORENCE—THE TRIBUNE—HALL OF THE NIODES.

ON viewing the works of ancient art, we are naturally led to inquire into the causes which produced such early and almost unrivalled excellence in statuary and sculpture. The answer is to be found in the manners of the Greeks, which peculiarly encouraged the progress of talent in these pursuits, and offered the finest opportunities for study. Every ceremony of their poetic religion—the rites observed at their marriages and public festivals—their funeral processions and public games, were so many occasions for rousing talent, and presenting to the artist the finest models for his imitation and study.

This was peculiarly the case with regard to sculpture. In the Olympic games, and other exhibitions of the same kind, where the highest honours were bestowed upon personal prowess, the artist had the best opportunity of studying the perfection of the human figure. He saw, in these displays of agility and strength, the noblest forms in all the animation of contest, and roused to the greatest exertion by that hope of distinction, which the rewards bestowed on the successful competitor, were so well calculated to produce.

But besides this, the artists themselves were honoured and distinguished, in a manner unknown in modern

times. The riches lavished in rewarding their labours is matter of history, and personal honours of the highest degree were bestowed upon them. The effect that this must have had in exciting animation and talent is evident.

The nature of their mythology was equally important. In our religion the subjects are grand, noble, and impressive; but almost too sacred for the pencil or chisel. The mythology of the Greeks was, on the contrary, gay and animating. Even while seeking to represent the splendour of the Deity, grand and severe in dignity, the ancients have surpassed us. There is no comparison between the Almighty, by Raphael, and the Jupiter of Phidias, as described by ancient writers.* The artist, whether in statuary or painting, owes his happiest efforts to imagination, to which imitation and recollection alone contribute.

When Rembrandt paints a Sorcerer enchanting a Sea God, he paints a being as purely ideal as the Heavenly Father, by Michael Angelo. When Salvator Rosa paints Banditi in a Cave, he in part only copies from what he may have seen; all the horror and effect is produced by the efforts of imagination. Thus, in every subject there is poetry. Composition may be styled the sentiment—the pencil and chisel the language, of painting and sculpture.

* Quintilian says of this statue « (lib. 12 c. 10) *cujus pulchritudo* » *adjecisse aliquid etiam receptae religioni videtur; adeo majestas operis* » *Deum aequavit* » et, according to Pliny « (Nat. His. lib. 34 c. 8.) » *Phidias, praeter Jovem Olimpium, quem nemo aemulatur....* »

(*Note of the Ital. Trans.*)

The delight of an artist must indeed be infinite in imagining and producing a fine group, or in forming a beautiful and perfect model of the human body. With what fascination does the eye rest on such an object! Such representations command every sympathy. With what interest do you trace the open forehead, the long line of eyebrows, the fine nose giving nobleness to the countenance; the rounded cheek, the square chin, the broad shoulders spreading over the chest in manly grace, the breadth of the pectoral, the rounding of the *rutis cruris*, the line of the tibia, and especially the head of the bone, where the *sartorius* passes! In all the fine youthful statues of the ancient, when personal beauty was the object, they were at great pains to represent the head inclined with a sweet expressive air, the neck finely turned, and the breast full and fleshy, as in the statues of *Antinous*, etc.

It has long been a matter of debate whether the ancients were, or were not, acquainted with anatomy, and the subject, with its various bearings, has been much and keenly agitated by the learned. If anatomy had been much known to the ancients, their knowledge would not have remained a subject of speculation. We should have had evidence of it in their works; but, on the contrary, we find *Hippocrates* spending his time in idle prognostics, and dissecting apes, to discover the seat of the bile. If more of anatomy had been known than could be seen through the skin, or discovered from a skeleton found on the sea-shore, it would not have been left an imperfect and nearly unknown science.

The ancients had no opportunity of becoming acquainted with the formation of the human body, except what might be the result of accident; after death the body was burnt, and the funeral urn contained its ashes. Their emblems of death were not like ours, the representations of the form into which the body is at length resolved; their signs were expressed by mourning genii, with an extinguishing torch. Various instruments of surgery have been found among the innumerable objects discovered in different excavations, as well as in those of Pompeii and Herculaneum; but no specimens nor traces of anatomy.

The ancients kept records of the perfections of the human body, and these consisted in the aptitude for exercises. At the Olympic games statues were made of those who had been often victors, when the exact size, the peculiar forms, all the beauties, and even the very defects of their bodies, were carefully preserved, that they might serve as models of manly strength, of swiftness, and prowess. When such various peculiarities and practices are carefully detailed, how could a matter so eventful as the first introduction of anatomy, an object so important in its application, be omitted!

It is evident that in these public opportunities the ancients possessed advantages for which the profoundest knowledge of anatomy, even when combined with taste and judgment, can never be a substitute. Anatomy is to a statuary what compasses are to an architect. If the celebrated Torso, be that of Hercules, (as it supposed to be,) we here find the poetic artist aiming at a beautiful

and dignified representation of strength, without any forced or coarse delineation of fibre and muscle demonstrating the signs and actions of anatomy. The bad effects of exaggeration on this point, are demonstrable in the Farnesian Hercules. His coarse, clumsy, vast trunk, loaded with superfluous masses of muscle, his knotted calves, and long ankles, designate the strength of a heavy cumbrous body, calculated to work the lever, or sustain the ponderous weight, which the gift of rude material forms enables it to raise, but without any portion of energetic powers of action, to struggle, throw, or strike. The stooping head and lowering ferocious eye of this Hercules, his long round forehead, divided across the temples, and separated from his flat, coarse, unexpressive countenance, mark as little of the spirit of grace and animation appertaining to an heroic character, as his bulky fibres do of the first principles of anatomy.

This science should not be brought into evidence in a statue,—it is the beautiful, round, fleshy forms of the living body only, that should be displayed even in high energetic action. Far from exposing naked knotty bones, nature has been indulgent to our finer feelings. The bones, muscles, and tendons, are involved in a cellular substance, and covered with ligaments, the interior machinery is hidden and protected by sheaths peculiar to each limb, while a thick skin covers the whole with one unvaried, smooth, and beautiful surface, which only becomes wrinkled, thin, and meagre, when the machine is to be taken to pieces, and again resolved into its elements.

In youth, round, full, powerful, but light and elegant forms, with a well-nourished skin, hide all individual marks.

The advantages possessed by the Greek artists were not confined to the rude figure alone; their beautiful living models presented continually to their view a simple, flowing, and ever-varying drapery. A vigorous fine-made Greek, whichever way he cast his cloak, whether carelessly as Socrates, or gracefully as Alcibiades gave a new cast to the figure, presenting the elegant bendings of youth, or more noble forms of manhood. To represent drapery, finely managed, falling into light and easy folds, is among the most difficult and precious talents of an artist. Perhaps the most exquisite combinations of this art are exemplified in the Apollo di Belvedere, displaying a spare and elegant drapery, light, airy, and graceful, giving at once richness and grandeur to the whole figure; and such is the manner in which heroic figures should be clothed. If instead of hanging the skin of the Nemean lion on the resting Hercules, as if it were on a tree, it had been carelessly flung over his shoulders, with the broad and characteristic hanging paw, how noble would have been the effect, compared to the coarse-made forms now presented in this statue!

In a draped figure the most striking effects are often produced by an artist working for particular parts; for instance, a shoulder, a thorax, an arm, a springy trembling thigh, a firm-set foot, a fine-turned head, an expression of nobleness, of fierceness, or strenuous

courage, will give singular beauty or character to a whole figure, provided always the artist is careful to preserve, in his mind's eye, the entire forms of the nude figure.

One circumstance strongly indicating that the chief studies of the Greek artist had been in the Circus, is, that nearly all their male figures are nudes, especially when in action, such as their wrestlers, *athletæ*, gladiators, and *discoboli*. The ancients were also particularly well acquainted with one great principle in the fine arts, viz. that exaggerated expression, caricatured violent or strong action, instead of bespeaking the sympathy of the beholder, only weakens the effect, producing disgust rather than pleasure. In representing the most powerful attitudes, they are ever true to nature. The most perfect specimen of this style of composition is to be seen in the fighting gladiator, now in the Louvre in Paris, in which the manner of the ancients is finely exemplified. The figure is in high action, full of grace, in which sinews, tendons, and muscles, are all in play, but hid as in the beautiful forms of youth, not strongly expressed or obtruded on the eye.

A fighting gladiator is not the most noble or feeling exhibition by which to express dignity, passion, or suffering; but this statue is the boldest effort, ever made by any sculptor, to represent the beautiful forms, and high energies, of the human body.

The limbs are thrown out with an animation which exhibits all their elasticity and youthful strength. The protruded shield repels the foe, and covers all the

extended line of the body, which appears ready to spring with a force and action of intense velocity and irresistible power. The head and youthful countenance is turned round to face danger, with a lively and daring animation, which expresses a sort of severe delight in the immediate prospect of it, and foretells the deadly thrust that is aimed, while the right hand and arm are drawn back, strong, and every fibre is ready for the forward and active spring. All the parts, and all the action, even to the extremities, are peculiar, and could not be transferred to any other figure. The effect is confined to no one part, but animates the whole. The fine youthful head, the vigorous limbs, the animated form, strong for action, the lively courage and spirit expressed in every point, the hope and suspense excited from action begun, the result being yet undetermined, gave me, in viewing this statue, sensations of admiration and delight beyond what I have ever received from any other work of art. *

In seeking to discover whether the ancients knew anatomy, the importance of the question, as it relates to statuary, is not so much to ascertain whether they had this knowledge, as whether it would have injured or improved their works, and in what degree an acquaintance with the science would be advantageous to a modern artist. To the first query I should reply by

* This statue was found early in the seventeenth century at Antium, in one of the palaces of the Roman Emperor. The Apollo di Belvedere was found nearly a century earlier in the same place.

(*Note of the Author.*)

asking, what need had they of anatomy, who studied so well a surer rule? what could it offer to those, who like them had the means of viewing, in the living body, the most perfect forms of manly beauty? * To the second I should answer, that anatomy, skilfully and sparingly applied, is the best substitute for the more animated exhibitions of the circus and theatre.

While I maintain that the statuary who has only anatomy for his master, possesses advantages very inferior to those enjoyed by the spectator at the games of the Circus, I nevertheless admit, that a man skilled in anatomy will never produce anything very bad or offensive; his science must correct the eye, although it cannot excite the imagination. I also think that an

* Viz in the Olympic, Pythian, Nemean, and Isthmian games, because in wrestling, in boxing, and running, the athletes were naked. The Olympic games were the most celebrated and the most frequented, and in which only such as were of unexceptionable conduct were permitted to engage; no man of immoral character, nor any akin to him was suffered to enter the Agon, the victor being considered and extolled as a Heroe and conducted home with all the honors and ceremonies due to a victorious general:

» palmarum nobilis,
» Terrarum dominos evexit ad Deos »

Statues were raised to the victors styled Olympionicæ and these were erected near Olimpia, or as otherwise denominated Pisa, in the wood sacred to Jove. The sole premium bestowed on the victor was a crown of olive-tree. When the game was first instituted women were prohibited from appearing; but in process of time, they not only presented themselves, but some engaged in the combat and sometimes gained the prize. Bnt

» Quem præstare potest mulier galeata pudorem?
(*Note of the Ital. Trans.*)

acquaintance with the great outlines and leading rules in anatomy, would, in any circumstances, prove advantageous to an artist. Polycletus, a man of learning, as well as an able sculptor, wrote a treatise on statuary; and, to give permanence to his rules, formed an exquisitely beautiful statue, demonstrative of the proportions and measures of the human body, which he himself styled the canon, or regulator, of Polycletus. Every artist should endeavour to teach his eye some canon, and thus have fixed rules impressed on his mind. This might be done with advantage, by setting the nude upright, and carefully observing the fall of the limbs.

In the second stage of his studies, the artist is called upon to observe the changes formed by the bendings of the figure, the consequent swell of muscle, the increased sharpness of the elbow joint, the turning of the hand and wrist-bones, viz. the radius and ulna, the curving of the spine, the projection of the haunch, and flattening of the knee. All this, of course, is so simple, that it requires only letters marking the parts on the clay figure, to render the whole perfectly clear; being the preliminary principles leading to the higher points, those of embodying sentiment, rendering internal feelings and passions visible by exterior forms, which is the primary and great aim of the artist. I should recommend to a statuary, who hopes to rise to excellence, not to practise too long, or assiduously, the modelling in basso or alto relievo. It is a manner chiefly adapted to sketches, being rapid and pleasing, and having an air of delicacy, elegance, and even a touch of antiquity,

which renders it too seducing, and may thus spoil his hand, and retard his progress. The clay is so plastic, and so little is required in the filling up, that the artist runs the risk of being too easily satisfied. There is also danger from working in this manner, of his acquiring a flatness of style. The whole figure may rise boldly from the ground; but still the parts may be flat, tame, and well proportioned only in their length; the artist learns nothing of the balance of the figure, or of the fine, round, and simple forms; he loses sight of grandeur and bulk, or strenuous actions; he is apt also to take delight in a little style, and thus vitiate his taste.

THE GALLERY OF FLORENCE.

The gallery is situated in the upper part of a vast edifice, supported in front by Doric pillars, which were formerly adorned with statues. Perhaps the Florentines, more than any moderns, have sought to honour and perpetuate the memories of their celebrated men. We have a list from an author, who wrote in the first year of the fifteenth century, recording the names of distinguished poets and artists, whose statues were placed at each gate in the entrance of the city, among whom Dante, Boccaccio, and Petrarch are mentioned. Time and chance have caused the destruction or removal of these honourable testimonies of departed worth.

The colonnade formed by the Doric pillars of the Gallery, leads to apartments styled *gli Uffizj*; after an ascent of two flights of stairs, singularly long, and

most precipitous, you reach the landing place, and enter a small vestibule, which opens into the Gallery.

Here you find yourself at once in the midst of the works of art, but so crowded, that they seem deposited rather than arranged; and so mutilated, that your first sensation is that of being surrounded by a rabble of noseless and headless beings, some of which seem to bear the traces only of what they have been, and others are so badly restored, as to cause a regret that they had not shared the same fate.

The difficulty and delicacy of the task of restoration, although generally acknowledged, is, notwithstanding, hardly understood to its full extent.

You must look to the *callida junctura* before you can pronounce on the correctness of the artist's work, and ascertain whether he has given the parts restored, their original form and intention.

In this vestibule you find them restored, even to the boar's tail which being broken in the hurry of removal, in the great fire of the year 1762, is replaced; not, however, according to the brazen copy to be seen in the Mercato Nuovo, which was originally taken from this, and is finely executed, but *ad libitum*. This fine animal deserved more care. It is inimitable. The surly brute is represented in the attitude of his lair, as if in his den, angry, roused, half rising and showing his formidable tusks. His hair is stubby and clotted, his paws broad, coarse, and heavy; the whole finely expressing the growling ire, kindling in an irritated animal.

The horse of this vestibule is generally noticed with high commendations, and, perhaps, on a slight survey, it may seem to have some merit; but on a closer examination many faults must soon be discovered.

I find in it no preparation for any one part; no forehead to provide for the eye; no socket, nor any bones to project above it; no ribs, only a round tub of a body; no spine, nor rump projecting to mark the crupper, distinguishing the back from the haunches; no preparation for the tail, which is stuck straight out betwixt the hips; none for the mane in the forms of the neck; nor for the legs on proceeding from the haunches; in short, it is a boy's hobby-horse, and, moreover, has been cruelly restored; yet it serves well enough as an ornament to the place. It is imagined that the horse belonged to the Niobes, although upon what grounds is not clearly explained.

The two wolf-dogs are most exquisite; bold, spirited, and true to nature.

Passing through the doorway, which is guarded by these two noble animals, you enter this far-famed Gallery; and here your first feelings and sensations are those of surprise and disappointment.

You look along a corridor, which seems almost interminable, being nearly five hundred feet in length, gloomy, narrow, and with no proportioned height of ceiling to give dignity or grandeur to the general effect. Compared to the Louvre, or Versailles, it appears very mean.

The walls on each side of the Gallery are lined with

paintings, furnishing specimens from the earliest times; and the first of these, from the wondrous poverty they display in composition, colouring, perspective, and design, add new lustre to the abilities of the great masters who succeeded them.

From space to space there are statues, the intervals being occupied with busts of the celebrated men among the ancients, with Roman Emperors, and distinguished Roman ladies. The head-dresses of the female busts are worth noticing, being the most whimsical and fantastic things imaginable.

STATUES OF THE GALLERY.

Bacchus and Ampelos. I would distinguish this as an elegant group, particularly happy in that delicate and fleshy turn of the body, which nature gives, and marble almost always wants, for statues are very generally finished like portraits, from one view; but these figures turn elegantly and easily, as if the result of many combined views. The countenances are sweet and gentle, the persons slender and elegant, with much nature, and no apparent anatomy.

Cupid;—a fair, full, fleshy, round boy, in fine and sportive action, tossing back a heart. But the arm is miserably restored.

A Juno, head superb, the features fine, the expression noble, although severe, and in which something of discontent may be read; the full face is rather heavy, but the profile is truly grand. Statuary should always

be round and full ; whenever it is minute in its forms, or sharp in outline, even in features, in the eyelids, or in hair, it is unpleasing, and seems poor and common.

Cupid and Psyche. The grouping of the two figures is most exquisite.

Neptune. The head is vulgar and ragged : vulgar, from a contracted cunning expression about the eyes ; and ragged, from the manner of treating the hair, viz. pointed and uniform.

Ganymede. Small, beautiful, and exquisite as the subject requires ; it is wonderfully full and round for an eighteen-inch statue. The head is not well restored ; it is the work of Benvenuto Cellini, and, contrary to the usual excellence of that master, we find in the nicely blacked pupil of the eye, and various curling of the hair of this Ganymede, more of the finical littleness of the goldsmith than the taste of the artist.

Genius of Death. A mourning angel, very fine ; the expression touching and melancholy.

Bust of Antinous ; very fine. The size and manner colossal, the hair rude and neglected, composed of massive short locks ; the expression mournful.

A Bust ; most singularly fine. It is a portrait, with all the truths of a portrait, but without the quaintness. It is exquisitely finished ; the hair treated in a most original manner, the beard equally fine. It is wonderful that the history of such a head should not be known.

The Infant Hercules strangling the Serpents. This is a foolish, impracticable, and unpleasing subject ; it may suit poetry, but makes execrable statuary ; for,

although it may be possible for Hercules, the son of Jupiter, to have attained strength to grapple even with a lion, it is impossible to conceive infant strength struggling with serpents, or at least it is impossible to represent such a group with effect. This Infant Hercules is here regarded as one of the finest specimens of antiquity, and by common consent pronounced exquisite. But I cannot agree to this; and not only quarrel with the subject, but with the statue as a work: the whole figure, in my opinion, presenting only inflated, tumid, and shapeless forms. It appears that the torso is the only portion which is indisputably antique.

The Jupiter. It is singular, although perhaps arising only from the attempt to represent serenity; but the countenance of this statue has much of the expression usually appropriated to our Saviour. This work is much esteemed. It is unquestionably fine, and possesses much grandeur of idea. It has, however, many faults. The forms are too large, the effect of the whole is formal, and the hair heavy and voluminous. If, however, they needs must have a parent god of this size, this may be very good.

The Bust of Alexander. The hair is finely treated in short hard locks.

Pan with the lyre. This Pan, however much it has been praised, is a most wretched figure. It is not hirsute all over, but feathered only on the hips. The shoulders and back show the most absurd use of anatomy; the artist affecting much science, has, notwithstanding, displaced, and even miscounted the ribs; but the posture

and action are both good. Statuaries very often fail in the junction of the loins to the body; they do not know how high the haunch-bone comes, and that the navel is opposite to the *cresta ilci*. There is a strange fault of this kind in Bandinelli's dead Christ, which becomes slender in the middle like the body of a wasp.

Mercury, very fine. The Phrygian bonnet, hair, and all are excellent; the body finely formed, and the limbs exquisite. In this Deity the ancient artists have best succeeded.

Agrippina. This statue I ever contemplate with renewed admiration; the forms are exquisite, the inclination of the head and neck, the cast of the whole person, the marking of the knees by the fall of the drapery between them, the posture of the right hand, and the graceful ease of the leaning arm, with the richness of the fringes of the drapery, which descend to the feet, are very beautiful. The whole has sweetness, grandeur, richness, and delicacy of work. The original must be very precious; but this, although a copy, is likewise an antique.

The Athlete with the perfumed Vase; very fine, displaying much simplicity of character, and roundness of limb, united to great bulk of muscle and squareness of bones. The clavicles especially are well expressed, and every portion of the work is superior. The shoulders are admirably and delicately rounded, the rotula very square, the tibia clearly defined, the ankle beautiful, being strongly, but not coarsely pronounced. The whole carriage of the body possesses ease and grace, united

with every characteristic expression of strength and energy,—with varied action and beauty of posture, such as the happiest dancer or actor could hardly imitate, The figure bends little forward, looking with curiosity and pleasure upon the vase, having a gentle inclination on one side, to balance the body, and on the other to support the vase, the vase making a fine connexion betwixt the two hands. In such subjects, and in such direct portraits, the ancients seldom failed, and it is in such points that we discern the peculiar excellence of statuary, as distinguished from painting.

There are four athletic figures in the gallery, fine, but not equal to this which I have described; they are rather coarse, but still display much of the grandeur and simplicity of nature, combined with the characteristic attributes belonging to this cast.

The draped *Uranias*, etc. are not worth criticising; they are not deserving of place in this gallery. *Bresciano* thought all kinds of motion and expression might be intimated by the flowing of the garments;—a theory which has weighed down many an unfortunate statue with heavy loads of drapery. It is indisputable, that unless an artist can bear in mind the precise form of the limbs he is encircling, he cannot drape his figure with effect, not even with any portion of grace.

The *Bacchus* of Michael Angelo; superb, although touched more with the grandeur characterizing the sublimity of that great artist, than the gay, pleasant, careless, debonair spirit, applicable to this God of Joyousness.

Two statues of Esculapius; the second is good. The countenance possesses a certain grandeur of cast, which, although mingled with something of severity in the expression, is dignified and noble. The drapery flows with much simplicity and grace. This statue seems to have been one of a group probably with Hygeia, something of the forms of a female hand, being to be traced on the left shoulder.

Laocoon, the Priest of Apollo. This work, to my feelings, is a caricature representation of a subject in itself equally unpleasing and shocking. It is as if an artist should undertake to represent, as a public spectacle, the tortures of the Inquisition. I can never contemplate this group without something of horror, mingled with disgust; and I also think that much of the interest that it might command is destroyed, from the forms of the two youths, whose countenances and make, instead of exhibiting the charm and helplessness so touching in childhood, resemble only diminutive men. * This statue was copied from the original in the Vatican, by Bandinelli, and brought to Florence in the year 1550. It was much injured in the memorable fire of the year 1762. It is not well restored; the right arm, in particular, is so badly executed, that it seems

* I am fully aware, in these criticisms, of the temerity of opposing the general suffrage in favour of this group. In other works of art (even among the most admirable,) we encounter a diversity of judgment, but of this piece only one opinion seems to prevail. Virgil represents the brother of Anchises as howling under his agony with all the force and strength of a bull dragged to sacrifice, while, in the hands of the sculptor, his mouth is closed, he writhes in silent anguish, undoubtedly

as if the arm of the statue had been made of wood, turned in a lathe, and stained to resemble the other parts. How rarely are even the greatest artists successful in restoring!

The Discobolus; this statue is executed in a grand style, the action and anatomy good. He was once numbered among the Niobes; but on his real character being discovered, he was dismissed. The Mars, with the Silenus and Young Bacchus, are noble copies of the antique.

The Hermaphrodite; a most exquisite statue. The figure is recumbent, lying on the skin of a lion; the posture is full of nature; the supple elegant turning of the body, the finely-formed bosom, the rounded limbs, the noble head and countenance, are all beautiful. The whole composition is simple, and free from the slightest affectation of anatomy. Yet I know not if any beauty, any skill, however admirable, can compensate for an exhibition so little consonant with delicacy, and admired only as a fable. The Hermaphrodite, like the Mermaid, may amuse a sportive imagination; but as for imitation, it is out of the question. Such subjects are unsuitable either to statuary or painting.

a more dignified picture of suffering, which has in consequence procured for the artist the praise of being more philosophic than the poet. It is not altogether denied, that the youths are executed with a skill less exquisite than that displayed in the Priest of Apollo himself, but this is vindicated as being essential to render the accessories subordinate to the main object of the group.

(Note by the Author.)

THE TRIBUNE.

At certain intervals along the range of the gallery, there are large doors, forming the entrance into the different schools of painting, statuary, bronze, etc. one of which, towards the centre of the gallery, opens into the Tribune. I cannot refrain from again repeating how much, in surveying the Gallery, or Tribune, the celebrated repository of the art, you are led to remember with admiration the apartments of the Louvre, all the splendours of which are in the contrast forcibly recalled to memory, Statues acquire new dignity, and are contemplated with sensations of heightened pleasure, when viewed in rich and noble halls.

The magnificence and the taste displayed in the whole arrangements to be found in the Louvre, are equally striking and beautiful, while the statues of the Tribune, the most exquisite in the world, are lodged in a mean and gloomy chamber, a dull, tasteless, dreary, and melancholy apartment.

It was built after a design of Buontalenti. The form is octagon, and about twelve feet in diameter, with a roof rising in the manner of a cupola, but being greatly too lofty, according to true proportion, the apartment seems like a narrow tower, or a deep well, while the space of the whole is so limited, that, as you enter, the four celebrated statues seem close upon you, and you have almost touched the Venus de' Medici, ere you are aware in whose presence you stand.

The paintings of the Tribune, I acknowledge with regret, have disappointed my expectations; there are doubtless, some few fine things among them; but yet, in the institute of Bologna, or here in Palazzo Pitti, you will find more of admirable and masterly works, than in the whole of this apartment. There is, however, one source of information here particularly interesting, offered in the opportunity of comparing the works of Pietro Perugino with those of his celebrated scholar; as also the three progressive manners of Raphael. While we look on the works of Pietro Perugino, and contemplate his stiff outlines, his formal erect figures, his cold, pale colouring, his golden ornaments, stars, and glories, we cannot but wonder at the excellence so rapidly and so early attained by his gifted pupil.*

The paintings of Raphael, to be seen in the Tribune, are—

1st, A Portrait of a Florentine lady, with a cross hanging from her neck, and rings on her finger. In this painting, which is among his earliest productions, much of the cold flat manner of his master may be traced.

* We are told that Raphael, on first beholding the works of Da Vinci, was struck with astonishment and delight, and at once forsaking his earlier manner, took this artist for his guide. He was born in the year 1483, and died at Rome, having only entered his thirty-seventh year. His death caused so great a sensation, and such regret, that even the Pope himself is said to have shed tears at his loss. His remains, immediately after his first demise, were placed by the side of his celebrated picture of the Transfiguration, and all the people, Vasari tells us, came to admire and mourn.

(Note by the Author.)

2d, Two paintings on wood, the subjects, the Virgin, the Holy Infant; and St John; the manner sweet, but little effective.

3d, John the Baptist in the desert; a full-length painted on canvass. The colouring, the expression, and manner, fine.

4th, A Portrait of Pope Julius The Second; most exquisite, with beauty and richness of colouring inconceivable. The artist himself was so pleased with this subject that he copied it several times.

5th, The celebrated Portrait of his Fornarina. Into the countenance of this lovely woman, he has breathed all the sentiment of his own soul. You perceive that she is no longer in early youth, but full of forms presenting the most exquisite softness and grace; a face on which the eye dwells with delight; its beauty fascinates, while the mind with which it is animated seems to speak to the heart.

6th, St John the Evangelist, by Andrea del Sarto; very fine.

7th, A Virgin Mary, by Guido; the countenance contemplative, the expression soft and pleasing, the colouring good.

8th, Herodias receiving the head of St John, by Da Vinci; a subject often chosen, yet surely most unpleasing. This piece is executed in the artist's best style; the painting fine, the colouring rich, and the expression of the whole powerful. Da Vinci, as if willing to lessen the impression of horror, has rendered Herodias exquisitely beautiful, while he has thrown

into the countenance of the executioner, an expression savage and ferocious.

9th, Two Venuses of Titian. Although these paintings are so highly esteemed, I cannot bring myself to view them with any portion of the admiration with which they are regarded. One is a portrait of his wife; the other supposed to be that of a Florentine lady. They are both of the size of life, and may be styled sweet sketches, but only sketches. You see a pallid body, lying on a pale ground, of no beautiful or delicate work; the whole having more the aspect of a thinwashed drawing, than the rich colouring of an oil painting. Those who admire them, maintain that the beauty, languor, and charm infused into the whole composition, especially into that of the Florentine lady, convey the most touching interest to the heart; but I can never be reconciled to such designs. Turning to the opposite side you see the first effort of the great Michael Angelo in painting, and you look upon it with amazement and incredulity, wondering that such a production could at any period have been the work of this great master. It is badly composed, and ill drawn. All the figures in the distance are in Terra di Siena, while scarlet, blue, and green, enliven those of the fore-ground, which at the same time presents a confusion of limbs, hands, and arms, that no eye can endure.

STATUES OF THE TRIBUNE.

The Wrestlers; a beautiful little group; but the figures too much under size; delicate and exquisitely finished for the subject, which would rather have demanded the grand dashing style of Michael Angelo. Although I protest against mere bulk as a representation of strength, I feel, in viewing this group, a strong proof that littleness is inconsistent with grandeur or nobleness of effect. The principal idea, that of struggling and of animated action, is not expressed with sufficient force or power. The heads are simply those of two pretty youths, represented in beautiful white marble, but inanimate, and by restoration made to resemble each other: there is hardly any part in high action. The whole only serves to suggest what might be made of such a subject. It would require (even in seeking only to render the general idea) to be executed on the grand, the broad, and the bold style. In this the slender limbs seem exiles from the body, and, owing to an affectation of anatomy and science, have too much fibre; the heels and toes are too small, the latter too close; the legs of the conqueror are stringy, and quite out of drawing; the peronean muscles run in high ridges along the whole leg; the grasping hands grasp feebly; the raised hand and arm is too short, and not well proportioned, while the arm of the hand on which the subdued figure rests, is without the swell corresponding with the posture; and the countenances evince no

spirit nor powerful expression, characteristic of the mutual situations of the combatants. The only really good point of action is where the two thighs meet, and cling and swell by pressure, which is naturally conceived and finely expressed. The whole may be described as being a nice well-finished little group, but wanting in grandeur, action, and expression.

THE DANCING FAWN.

The ancients seldom, I believe, chose ludicrous subjects; or only inferior artists in brass or metal, were accustomed to this lower style, the grotesque. But the Dancing Fawn does not come under this description: it is allied with their mythology, similar to their basso relievos of fawns, satyrs, and bacchantes, and is rather to be designated by the word sportive, than ludicrous. This statue is perhaps the most exquisite piece of art of all that remains of the ancients. The torso is the finest that can be imagined, the serrated muscle upon the ribs, the pectoral muscle of the breast, the bulk of the shoulder, the swell of the bended chest, the setting on of the trunk upon the flank, the swell of the abdominal muscle above the haunch-bone, the forms of the thigh, and the manner in which its tendons meet the flatness and nakedness of the rotula, and the fine forms of the head of the tibia, the simple and perfect forms of the legs, the fine joinings of the anclebones, and the exquisite finish of the tendons of the feet, and flat points of the toes, make this a perfect

and perpetual study. But there is that in it which might spoil an artist's conceptions. It is all true, but all too much. If it were used as a study, it would serve to correct and purify; suiting well as an anatomical figure, to ascertain the forms, or suggest them; and a good artist, even from this little, dancing, drunken fawn, little and curious as it is, might draw a warrior's limbs in a grand and noble style; the anatomy of the parts would help him to individual forms, if studied judiciously, although, without care and taste, it would obstruct all high conceptions of genius. It is adventurous indeed to differ from so great a master as Michael Angelo, who when he restored it, must have studied the subject well, and who is even said to have taken the idea of the head and arms from an antique gem. He has given round and fleshy form to a shrunk and somewhat aged figure, evidently intended for the caricature of drunkenness and folly; having mistaken the design, which is assuredly that of a drunken old fawn, balancing with inebriety, rather than dancing with glee. The limbs are all in a stained and staggering attitude. The action arises not from the execution of dancing, but from the loss of balance, and a desire to preserve it. The whole body inclines forward in a reeling posture; and there must have been a proportioned bend backwards of the head, to counterbalance the inclination of the trunk. The hands dangling forwards, the chin protruded, the head thrown back, and the tongue lolling out, in drollery or drunkenness, would have rendered the expression corresponding with the general

character of the figure. Buonarroti has given too fresh and full a face for this shrunk, meagre, and dried-up body, which, being without a particle of fat, or any covering of skin, is almost an anatomical figure. We find in it nothing of the round well-nourished limbs, nor of the blood or fleshiness of youth, nor any aptitude for dancing. Instead of the dancing, it should be the drunken fawn. The ancients give many dancing figures, especially in basso relievos; but the forms are always long in limb, yet full of flesh, and round, to show the supple and limber form of youth, combined with all the vigorous bending and elastic spring of the body.

VENUS DE' MEDICI.

It is to be observed, that the ancients represented the superb, the dignified, or heroic, as the Niobes, Apollos, above the size of life; while the exquisite and beautiful, as the Venus de' Medici, the Hermaphrodite, Cupid, and Psyche, are all small. The Venus de' Medici is truly a subject for the little and beautiful, measuring only four feet eleven inches, and four lines in stature. This statue is exquisite in all its forms and proportions, in symmetry, in slender, round, finely-tapered limbs, in the joining of the haunch-bone, in the loins—all perfect: how exquisite must it have been in its original state! But this must now be left to the imagination; for it is much injured by the restored parts. Difficult indeed it must have been, to enter into the ideas and feelings of so sublime an artist; and, accordingly, it

has been found impossible. There is an affectation in the manner of the restored hands, more especially in the curve of the right hand and arm, that is most unpleasing; yet the whole work, as it presents itself, is most beautiful; and, if such nude figures are to be permitted, nothing can be conceived more exquisite. *

THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

This statue, although not exempt from faults, is most interesting. I am especially captivated with its design, and truth to nature; the posture and whole composition being singularly just and affective. The knife, held in the right hand, touches the grinder; the body, slightly bent forward, is balanced by the resting of the fingers of the left hand on the block; while the head, for which the whole forms of the trunk are exquisitely prepared, is turned round. The figure is neither leaning nor resting, but is yet full of nature, the attitude being evidently that of a momentary action. The eyes of the slave are not fixed on his work; the body is inclined, and the head directed to another quarter, clearly implying, that his attention and thoughts are not engaged by his occupation. His bony square form, the strength of the neck, the squalid countenance, the short neglected hair, all admirably express the character of a slave, still more plainly written on his

* The Venus de' Medici was found in the Villa Hadriana, in Tivoli, and was brought to Florence in the year 1689.

(Note by the Author.)

coarse hard hands, and wrinkled brow; yet it is a shave presented with all the fine broad expressions of nature, bearing all the striking features of strength and labour.

The faults observable in this work are the want of a corresponding swell of the muscles in the contact of the thigh and leg, meeting in the crouching posture, also in the joining of the right arm to the body, and that of the triceps muscle in the neck, especially on the left side.

CANOVA'S VENUS.

This statue, designed with admirable simplicity, presents a tall, elegant, bending figure, shrinking with timidity. A light transparent drapery, supported by the left hand on the bosom, which it partly veils, crosses a little below the right knee, falling down to the marble in easy folds. The countenance is beautiful; the gentle inclination of the body, and attitude of the fine Grecian head, raised, and turning round, as it were, in watchful and apprehensive timidity, is full of grace and sweetness. The whole front view of this statue is exquisitely fine; and, if the forms had been but a little rounder, I think that even the most fastidious critic would have judged, that nothing in antiquity could have surpassed, perhaps hardly equalled it. This is not, however, the view in which the artist himself takes his chief pride, nor the spectators the greatest delight; they say he excels in the back. I lament this

opinion, because I cannot bring myself to share it. To my idea, the back represents a tame flat line, which, together with a slight degree of too great length in the left leg, may be mentioned as injuring this exquisitely beautiful work of art. In comparing the impressions excited in viewing the rival goddesses of Florence, I should say that the Medicæan Venus displays in her whole deportment a mild repose, a tranquil dignity, that leads the mind to forget her situation; while the modest, though captivating timidity betrayed by Canova's Venus, awakens the attention, and excites something of uneasiness, by compelling you to share her alarm. They have done much for this statue, by placing it in a finely proportioned and richly decorated apartment; but I should have done more, and have rendered it an incomparable work of art, by placing the back close to the wall. *

HALL OF THE NIOBES.

In Mr Cockerel's judicious and learned observations on the Niobes, he follows Homer, and admits of only

* The difficulties encountered in travelling caused the loss of some of the MSS. belonging to this work, among which were those relating to the paintings of the Palazzo Pitti. These criticisms met the approval of those literary friends in Florence to whom the author submitted them, having had, with the portion of the work belonging to them, the advantage of having been revised by himself. In consequence of the loss of the above-mentioned papers, it has been thought advisable to mention the Venus of Canova, which would naturally have found a place in the description of the interior of the Palazzo Pitti, among the statues of the Gallery.

(Note by the Editor)

twelve statues, as constituting the number that forms the group. * Some contend fourteen, others for sixteen, many statues having been at different periods selected, as belonging to this celebrated family, and then rejected, as the Discobolus and Narcissus are at present. The truth is, that in a country where the youth delighted in all athletic exercises, and where their artists took their best designs from the Arena, it is difficult to determine what statue is individual, and what grouped. The placing of their statues has been as much a matter of hypothesis as their separate degrees of merit, or the meaning and intention of their artists. Mr Cockerel has displayed much ingenuity in his management of a subject so difficult. This distinguished artist has conceived the whole group placed in the tympanum of a Greek temple. The idea is luminous, and, with the exception of the dying youth, whom he supposes to be laid in the entrance, or threshold of the tympanum, the whole arrangement is fine. This postrate figure forms the

* Homer only numbers twelve as the offspring of Niobes. Six sons and six daughters. (Last book of the *Iliad*. ver. 603 e 604.)

» Τη παρ δώδεκα παῖδες ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ὀλοντο,

» Ἐξ μὲν ὑψικτερες, ἔξ δ' υἱας ἡβοντες ».

» Cui tamen duodecim liberi in aedibus perierant,

» Sex quidem filiae, sex autem filii pubescentes ».

Ovid however counts fourteen, which among the poets is the opinion most generally received. (*Metamorph. lib. 6.*)

» Huc natus adjice septem

» Et totidem juvenes »

(*Note of the Ital. Trans.*)

centre of all that is most admirable and interesting in the group, and, unless it had been entirely displayed, the fable must have remained untold; placed in the situation in question, it would have been overshadowed by the cornice of the edifice, and being hid from the view of those who looked down on the standing figures, the horror and astonishment of the Niobes would be unexplained, and the whole effect lost.

The Niobes constitute the finest and most powerful group in the world, and ought to be lodged in a temple, or mausoleum, executed in a great and noble style. There are, especially, two points which may be regarded as of vital importance in producing effect, viz. grouping, and regulating the light. Planted, as they now are, in a circle, each on his separate pedestal, not only all illusion of design and composition is destroyed, but you are tempted to view and consider them individually as works of art, a test they will ill bear, many of them being of very inferior merit; and as it is an ascertained point, that they are not all by the hand of the same master, it may be concluded that they can hardly belong to the same group. It is remarkable that the general forms of the draped female figures are somewhat loaded, and rather too uniform.

The Hall of the Niobes is entered from one of the doors of the Gallery, which opens into the centre of the room. Imagine a large saloon, or hall, of an oval form, lighted from one side, painted in cold flat white, with a gilded ceiling; the statues forming a regular circle; the Mother of the Niobes placed in one end, and her

offspring disposed on each side, closing the oval opposite to her.

This statue of Niobe presents a large full figure, richly draped; but her garments, instead of falling in careless easy folds, marking the bendings of the body, are heavy and cumbrous, like a profusion of gaudy colouring, which frequently only serves to cover bad drawing. Her youngest child is placed in her arms, and clings to the girdle round her waist; whilst the mother is looking up towards Heaven; by some thought to be in the act of flying, and by others in that of offering up a prayer, for the preservation of her only remaining child * The idea excited is full of tenderness; but both the figures are wanting in that beauty and elegance so necessary in statuary and painting, to excite and exalt the feelings. The artist has aimed at presenting an august matronly appearance, by an imposing size and bulk; but, though he has succeeded in filling the eye, he has entirely failed in producing grandeur or nobleness. The child in her arms in open to the same criticisms already offered in my observations on the Laocoon. Her figure is that of a diminutive woman, presenting delicate slender limbs, with a small nicely-rounded waist. The foreshortening of the hands, both

* Ovid. (Met. lib. 6.) represents her as offering up a prayer for her last born.

» Ultima restabat quam toto corpore mater

» Tota veste tegens, unam, minimamque relinque,

» De multis minimam posco, clamavit, et unam ».

(Note of the Ital. Trans.)

in the mother and the child, is admirable, and the finest part of these figures.

The statue, which is believed by Fabruni to be Amphion, the father of the family, and by some others the Pedagogue, certainly bears a dubious origin; for it is difficult to pronounce with certainty what character the artist has intended he should fill; but the latter conclusion seems the most probable, as he has not in this figure attempted to describe either the grandeur of the hero, or the tenderness of the parent. The expression is stern, and the forms are coarse. The restored arms are very ill supplied. The artist has placed a sword in his hand. The head is suspected, but the bearded face is fine, the scraggy neck admirably in keeping with the figure, and the entangled straight locks, described by Juvenal as characteristic of the Pedagogue, are in a style on which a modern artist would hardly have ventured.

The female figure, supposed to represent the elder daughter of Niobe, is half kneeling; crouching and bending, as if in tears imploring Heaven, and looking up in terror at the approach of her impending fate. The attitude is finely conceived, and most touching, and the drapery rich, though still too profuse: nor are the forms perfect; the right leg, in particular, is very faulty, it is deficient in outline, and the calf is quite wanting, where it should appear swelling under the drapery. The arms, which are modern, are placed according to truth, but are wanting in beauty of form. The youth, who, although not nude, is less draped

than the others, is fine. He has much grandeur of action, and nothing of that tameness and indifference remarkable in many of the other statues of the group; he seems looking with mingled horror and wonder on his dying brother. The right or extended leg is rather too long, especially from the knee, and the formation of the ankle is very faulty.

The figure supposed to look up, as if in angry defiance of the Gods, furnished, in this act of despair, an occasion to the artist to present the varied effects produced by anguish and terror, on the sudden approach of inevitable and overwhelming danger. The figure itself, although striking in its forms and expression, is wanting in grandeur. The foreshortening of the neck is faulty. The visage, or rather the marking of it, for you cannot see the face, is ill defined. The bone of the leg, which is planted in a posture of stern despite, is too strongly marked, incorrect in the anatomy, and unequal in bulk with that which kneels.

The action of the figure represented kneeling on both knees is fine. His inclined head bends over the wounded or dead body of his brother with an expression of much tenderness, while his hand is raised and presented with the palm outwards, as if to ward off the attack of a second fatal shaft. The whole posture and attitude is noble and touching. The hands, and even the head of this statue, are suspected.

The figure of the wounded or dying youth himself, whom I have described as forming the soul and source of all that is most interesting and admirable in the

group, is a most exquisite and finished piece of sculpture. The forms are simple and full of grace; the chest broad and manly; the limbs fleshy and finely rounded; the curling of the hair masterly; and the countenance most beautiful. The figure lies stretched out in death, transfixed by a mortal wound, and dying, not in distorted agony, but in that natural languor which follows the simple loss of blood, when life is fast ebbing, and the eyes are closing in death. The figure, thrown down without violence, and extended without motion, seems still full of life and blood; the almost breathing of the lips, the languor of the eyes, and the exquisite beauty of the face, are unequalled. The artist in this work presents no harrowing images to appal or terrify. As a statue it commands your highest admiration, and as a chaste and mournful picture of death, all your sympathy. A less able master would have sought by a display of the pectoral muscles, and all the strings and knots, such as you find in Donatello, and even in the talented John of Bologna, to remind you of science, when it is a much greater effort to recollect and to fancy nature. The left hand is most exquisite. The right arm, and part of the left leg, are restored. A mournful and beautiful little tale might be told, by selecting three of the figures among these I have described; viz. the kneeling youth, with the hand raised to avert the arrow; the weeping and lamenting sister, with the figure who gazes on the body in horror and amazement. Were these seen surrounding the prostrate body, the group would produce a fine effect.

This statue of the dead or dying youth, bears every mark of being the work of a superior and gifted artist, perhaps Praxiteles himself. If it belong to the Niobes, it must, as I have already observed, have formed the very centre of action and interest in the group.

Guido made the group of the Niobes his study—as much as Michael Angelo did the Torso. It is remarkable how much the intimate acquaintance this great artist had with the Torso, may be traced in all his productions. This observation his reminded me of the universal belief entertained, and in which I had participated, of his never making any *sbozzo* or sketch. I have no doubt that this proved frequently to be the case; but it was so far from being his constant practice, that in the *academia delle belle arti*, I found not merely the *sbozzo*, but beautifully finished little models of his statues in the Medicean chapel. The sketches of the Night and Morning especially, are exquisite. They are done in terra cotta, and are about eighteen inches long.

I must not take leave of the Hall of the Niobes without mentioning two of its most precious ornaments, the battle pieces of Raphael. They are only sketches, yet, perhaps, deriving a heightened charm from this circumstance, as being a style particularly suiting a subject which exhibits scenes of hurry and confusion. The eye rests on the groups brought forward by brighter tints, while, by degrees, forsaking the more prominent objects. The imagination, insensibly wandering through the indistinct and dusky haze, enveloping the more sketchy parts, traces out new subjects with an increased

interest. I visited these paintings frequently ; and ,
captivated with the spirit , truth , and animation which
live in their every character and expression , always
viewed them with increased admiration.



CHAPTER EIGHTH.

FLORENCE BY MOONLIGHT—BRETHREN OF THE MISERICORDIA—
THE CASCINE—FIESOLE.

FLORENCE BY MOONLIGHT.

A RIVER, even in a city that has no trade, still presents a busy and an animating scene. In Florence, the Arno, with its numerous bridges, offers all that is most gay and attractive in the city. Its waters, radiant and sparkling in the mind-day sun, add life to the whole prospect, and when the heat is spent, and night closes in, the landscape assumes a mellower hue, the starry, cloudless sky, and clear pale moon, shining, as it does in these southern climates, with the splendour but of a lessened day. The sensations produced from the continued return, on each succeeding morning, of unchanging lovely weather, is peculiarly striking to those who have been accustomed to the turbulence of a northern sky. You lie down and rise to the same glorious light, and meet again, as evening comes, the same soothing feelings.

A traveller thinks that he has seen a city when he has rolled through her streets, and looked upon her fine edifices and noble palaces. And yet I would not give one solitary midnight hour in Florence, in which I can wander through her deserted streets, see the long perspective, and wonder, at each angle, how

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the narrow arches, and opposing buttresses, are to open up into other succeeding lines, for whole weeks of idle sights.

My first impressions of Florence have all been by moonlight, in solitary evening walks. The heats of the day are excessive, and as there is no twilight, it is in the serene and silent midnight hour that you love to wander forth, and inhale the cool breeze and freshened air—How beautiful it is to gaze on the splendour of the moonbeams, reflected on the Arno, showing its bridges in grand perspective, the city, and its huge masses of ancient buildings, lying in deep full shadow before you, the rays hardly reaching to the centre of the narrow streets, while they glitter on the tops of towers and buildings, whose projecting square roofs, almost touching each other, rear their ponderous bulk against the clear blue sky.

In such a night as this, (the calm night of a sultry day,) sallying forth, as was my custom, and passing through narrow alleys, I chanced to enter a market-place, chiefly resorted to by the poorer inhabitants of the city.

It was crowded with numbers of this class, who, with famished haste, seemed eager to buy their little stores of provisions, battling and bargaining with clamorous, but good-humoured vociferation; all complaining loudly that the venders demanded too much for their goods; but yet seasoning their reproaches with much drollery and repartee, which, in spite of the sorry, meagre, half-naked figures that were presented

to the eye, gave a gaiety inconceivable to the whole scene. Among those composing the different groups, tall finely-formed women with dishevelled hair, pale faces, and care-worn countenances, made a conspicuous part. These, with the venders of meat, their boys, dogs, and men, stalking with bare arms and grisly visages, filled up the picture; while dim and unfrequent lamps darkly showed all the dismalness of the place, and the wretchedness of the food they were purchasing.

Among the crowd I distinguished a woman, who, with her little daughter, sat apart, at a distance from the busy, boisterous crew, waiting while her husband bargained for what their necessities required. She seemed poor as the others: but she was beautiful, and presented one of those feeling-touching countenances, which the eye of a painter would have dwelt on with delight; one which Da Vinci might have followed, and such as Carlo Dolei would have copied for one of his Madonnas. The crowd began gradually to disperse, and I walked along to the more distant precincts, among public buildings, gloomy palaces, and dark walls.

Traversing the great centre of the city, along streets darkened from the height of the buildings, I passed along these immense edifices with strange feelings of solitude, as if in a dream, as if the gay and peopled world had vanished, and these gloomy mementos of the past alone remained. It was night, and in this distant spot not a soul was stirring, not a foot was heard, when, on crossing a narrow alley, the prospect suddenly opened, and the slanting rays of the full

moon, falling with a softened light among the magnificent monuments of ancient times, displayed a splendid scene.

At that moment the tower bell of the prison struck loud and long, tolling, with a slow and swinging motion, seeming, from the effect of reverberation, to cover and fill the whole city; even in day this bell is distinguished from any I ever heard; but in the dead silence of the night it sounded full and solemn. Impressed by the feelings excited by the grandeur of the scene, I still prolonged my walk, and insensibly wandered on. The silence of night was unbroken, save by an occasional distant sound, arising from the busiest quarter of the city, or from time to time by the song of the nightingale, which reached me from the rich and beautiful gardens that skirt the walls of Florence, recalling to my mind the voice of that sweet bird, as I heard it when detained in the narrow valley of the gloomy Arco. I remember how its little song thrilled through the long melancholy of the night, a lengthened soft-repeated note, which still came floating on the air like a light sleep. * Involved in these musings of lulled and idle thought, I suddenly beheld in the distance, issuing from the portals of a large edifice, forms invested in black, bearing torches, which, casting a deepened shadow around, rendered their dark figures only dimly

* It appears that this recollection had often occurred to the Author; he mentions it more than once, dwelling on the remembrance with a subdued pleasure. It was to him as a funeral dirge, a requiem sung on the borders of that country he was never to repass.

visible. Still increasing in numbers, as they emerged from the building, they advanced with almost inaudible steps; gliding along with slow and equal pace, like beings of another world, and recalling to mind all that we had heard or read of Italy, in the dark ages of mystery and superstition. As they approached, low and lengthened tones fell upon the ear; when the mournful chanting of the service of the dead, told their melancholy and sacred office. The flame of the torches, scarcely fanned by the still air, flung a steady light on the bier which they bore, gleaming with partial glare on the glittering ornaments, that, according to the manner of this country, covered the pall.

I looked with a long fixed gaze on the solemn scene, till, passing on in the distance, it disappeared, leaving a stream of light, which, lost by degrees in the darkness of night, seemed like a vision. The images presented to the mind had in them a grand and impressive simplicity, a mild and melancholy repose, which assimilated well with the hopes of a better world. It seemed like a dream, yet was the impression indelible.

BRETHREN OF THE MISERICORDIA.

In this procession I recognized the sacred office of the Brothers of the Misericordia, one of the earliest institutions of priestly charity; and perhaps the only national trait of ancient Florence which now remains. The principles of this order are founded on the basis of universal benevolence. A pure and primitive simplicity marks

every feature and act of this fraternity, who, in silence and in solitude, fulfil their sacred and unostentatious offices. The gloom with which their solemn duties invest them, receives new and mournful impressions, from the tradition which connects its origin with the history of the great plague in 1348, celebrated by Boccaccio in his Decameron. They relate that many portentous omens predicted this awful visitation. A dead crow fell from the air, and three boys, at whose feet it had dropped, tossed it towards each other in play. These three boys died, and soon after the plague broke out, and in its fearful ravages desolated the city. During its continuance, a few individuals, firm in purpose and strong in piety, self-devoted, attended on the sick and dying, and the survivors of these chosen few, afterwards taking the monastic habits and order of Brothers of the Misericordia, assumed for life the performance of those services, which in the hour of anguish and sorrow they had voluntarily fulfilled. Their small church is situated close to the Duomo, the House of God; but all is sad and solemn in the aspect of this institution. It was built shortly after the plague, and was raised on the margin of the gulph dug to receive the dead. A black dress, in which the brethren are attired from head to foot, entirely covers the person and conceals the face. The brother, whether of noble or of lowly birth, is equally undistinguished and unknown, and their duties are performed, and charities dispensed, to the noble or the beggar, with the same indiscriminating ceremonies.

A few tapers on the altar, and at the shrine of the Virgin, burn night and day, throwing a dim and feeble light around. Six of the brethren watch continually; and medical aid is always in readiness. Divine worship is performed by them in the morning and in the evening, assisted by those individuals whom piety or sorrow may have brought to mingle among them. On the floor are arranged biers, palls, torches, and dresses. The sick are taken to the hospitals, the dead are conveyed to their last home, and the unclaimed brought to their church on a bier, covered by a pall. They are summoned to their duties by the solemn tolling of their deep-toned bell, which, when heard in the dead and silent hour of the night, falls on the ear with dismal and appalling sound. Another office of the Brethren of the Misericordia is to visit the prisons, and prepare the condemned for death. Once a-year, on Good-Friday, this duty is publicly performed. Twelve brethren of the order, and twelve penitents, form the procession, bearing the head of St John on a car, and the image of a dead Christ, covered with black crape. The procession is preceded by solemn music, and closed by a long train of priests clothed in black.

In this institution the numbers are unlimited *

* Seventy two of the brethren (says Padre Richa) were selected as directors of the Institution, chosen from different classes. Namely 10 Prelates, twenty unbeneficed clergymen, fourteen gentlemen, and 28 artificers; from whom are taken twelve every four months as officiating members, six styled Captains, and six denominated Counsellors. To these were added a hundred and five brethren called « *Giornanti* » seven

forming a wide extended circle, which may embrace members from every city, acknowledging the same faith, bound by one uniting, but secret and mysterious tie. They are not of necessity individually known to each other, but can render themselves intelligible by certain signs and words, in any circumstances requiring communication. Their vow enjoins them to be ready, night or day, at the call of sudden calamity—to attend those overtaken by sickness, accident, or assault. A certain number of them are in rotation employed in asking charity, a service which they are obliged to perform barefooted, and in a silent appeal, the rules strictly forbidding the use of speech, when engaged in any duty. Their call is never left unanswered, every individual making an offering, were it only of the smallest copper piece, as it is money supposed to be lent to pray for departed souls. This peculiar order, for there are others not greatly dissimilar, possesses a privilege of great magnitude, extended only once in every year, and to one single person. An individual of their body becoming amenable to the laws of his country, in virtue of this privilege, may claim exemption from the penalty, receiving his life at the prayer of his brethren. This ceremony, when it occurs, is performed with every circumstance of pomp and solemnity. The order, habited in the dress of the ancient priests, carry branches of palm in token of peace, and, ac-

each day being in readiness to attend, either by a summons or at the sound of their great Bell.

(*Note of the Ital. Trans.*)

accompanied by all the imposing grandeur of the church, present themselves in front of the palace of the Grand Duke, when the Sovereign Prince condescends to deliver the act of grace. They next proceed to the President of the Tribunal of Supreme Power. This officer, in person, leads the way, conducting them to the prison, into which they enter, and there receiving their liberated brother, they invest him in the dress of their order, and crowning him with laurel, conduct him home in triumph.

No fixed period is enjoined for the fulfilment of the vow taken by this order. Many in the highest sphere have sought expiation of sins, by assuming it for a longer or shorter time, proportioned to the measure of their crime, or to the sensitive state of their consciences. Princes, Cardinals, and even Popes, have been numbered among their penitents, and have joined in their vows and services.

While dwelling on the picture which this subject presents to the mind, it is impossible not to be struck with the scope given to human passions, in the belief inculcated of a remission of sins, obtained by a few expiatory observances. It is evident that this reliance, instead of being a check to guilty wishes, facilitates their accomplishment. The desired object is first attained, and then penance or prepetition comes lagging after, as time or opportunity may suit. That a being should be driven by the anguish of a lacerated conscience, to seek relief, in the gloom and solitude of so severe an order, as that of La Trappe and others, must ever

appear at once touching and awful; but instances of this nature are rare, and when they do occur, the efficacy of such self-sacrifice must be measured by the degree of restored peace imparted to the wounded spirit. The belief, however, that a vow fulfilled, or an ascetic discipline observed, during perhaps a period of short-lived remorse, can expiate the commission of sin, is a dangerous doctrine.

THE CASCINE

In all foreign cities, from the most insignificant village to the greatest metropolis, we find the public walk considered as an object of primary importance; therefore, in describing points of beauty in Florence, the walk by which it is adorned, styled the Cascine, being, perhaps, one of the finest in Europe, is well deserving of mention. It is situated just beyond the gates of the city, by its tall trees and varied pathways offering a deep refreshing shade, and in its extent affording the opportunity of solitude, among rich foliage, even in the busy evening hour, when the assembled throng crowd its wide and splendid walks. In the centre of the Cascine, among flowering shrubs and lofty trees, stands a royal palace, of simple, plain, but pretty architecture, where the dairy is kept, the vintage gathered, the wine (chief produce of the farm) made, and where also, from time to time, entertainments are given by the court. In the evening hour, these walks are the resort of the whole city; and on Sunday, or on

« jours de fête, » the scene is gay and rural. Every variety of equipage may be seen, from the suite of the Grand Duke to the little two-wheeled calash; while the footpaths at each side of the road, under the shade of the trees, are filled with citizens, of every age and class, all well dressed, happy, and placid. A short period of rapid driving is generally succeeded by a universal pause; then the carriages and horsemen assemble in front of the royal building; when nods of recognition, salutations, and inquiries, pass from one party to another, forming a species of *conversazione*. One side of the Cascine is bounded by the Arno, which here runs with a stronger current, enlivened by the frequent little trading vessels which pass to and from Leghorn; while on the other, the hills surrounding the vale of Arno, rise in beautiful variety, crowned by the noble remains of Fiesole, the parent stock from which Florence sprung.

FIESOLE.

To climb the mountain leading to the commanding site on which this city stood; to admire the distant prospect as it becomes in the rapid ascent more grand and extensive; and then to trace its ancient lines; to contrast its ruined remains with the living beauty, as it were, of the surrounding landscape, suggests matter of deep and varied contemplation. Of the remains now offered to the eye of the antiquary who visits this spot, to trace the vestiges of the walls which once encircled

Fiesole, or to follow in idea the course of the aqueduct, which brought water from Monte Reggi to the city, a distance of four miles, or to view its cathedral, presents the chief source of interest; for little else of its former consequence is now visible. The Cathedral, originally a temple of Bacchus, and probably entirely of Grecian architecture, was converted, in the year 1028, into a church, by the bishop Giacopo Bavaro. It now exhibits a wild and capricious combination of the Greek and Gothic style; but its aspect possesses a mingled expression of simplicity and grandeur, infinitely pleasing. The gateway and western front are plain and singular, but in a fine pure taste. The entrance is by a descent of two steps, which produces a mournful and gloomy impression. The interior of the church is of magnificent dimensions; the side-aisles are divided from the body of the church by superb granite columns, crowned with ill assorted capitals of white marble, of the composite order, skilfully varied, but often too small for their columns, as if collected from some more ancient and more magnificent temple. The cross terminates in a semicircular abutment, raised over the crypt or vaulted chapel of the dead. On this plane the great altar is situated, to which a low flight of steps leads on either side; while, through the arches supporting the structure, the eye rests on the chapel below, with its innumerable marble columns, the forms of which are rendered more beautiful and various, from the partial touches of light, which slanting from the windows, far beyond in the further end of the vault, fall obliquely along the whole.

The ornaments of the altar, the images and tablets, are all in basso relievo, and the capitals of the pillars in fine white marble. In general, the crypt is hidden under ground; but in this cathedral it is seen in fine perspective—a still and solemn sanctuary.

In the fresh evening hour, seated on the mouldering walls of Fiesole, I have, amidst these splendid scenes of Italian landscape, with mingled sensations of saddened contemplation, watched the close of day, and felt, that nothing brings to the mind such lively images of home, or such melancholy recollections of the years that are past, as the sight of the setting sun in a foreign land.



CHAPTER NINTH.

NOTES ON ROME. *

ROME—VIA APPIA—TOMB OF CECILIA METELLA—CIRCUS OF
 CANACALLA—THE VATICAN—PETER DELIVERED FROM PRISON—
 NOZZE ALDOBRANDINE—STATUES.

ROME.

ROME, with its sweeping Tiber, vast Campagna, and ancient monuments, « where noble names lie sleeping, » even in adversity is grand and imposing. Who can sojourn in Rome, full of superb palaces and modern splendour, with a people of the race of those who conquered and enlightened the world,—who can remember it in after-years without mournful, yet pleasing recollections? who can forget that Rome was once mistress of the world, that her power was infinite, her dominion extending over all the habitable earth her grasp reaching from the east unto the west? who that has drank of her fountains, and passed through her massive gates, can ever forget the signs of her former greatness? Her peasants sing, around her ruined walls, their evening-song of her fallen glory.

* In the following selection from the Author's extensive Notes on Rome, the Editor has been obliged to direct her choice, not so much to that portion which might have proved most interesting, as to those descriptions which are unconnected with any charm of reasoning, and therefore are to a certain degree complete.

Roma, Roma, Roma, Non è più come era prima.

But, still, it is a city dear and pleasing to all who think and feel. The remembrance of riches or power cannot create this affection; not Venice, with her floating palaces—nor Florence, with her eastern wealth—not Bassora, Bagdad, Palmyra, Memphis—not all the cities of the east, leave behind that pleasing melancholy, which strangers feel in visiting the desolate fields and lonely walls of Rome.

VIA APPIA.

Nothing can more impress the mind with the grandeur of ancient, and the solitude of modern Rome, than the view of the Via Appia, and the Circus of Caracalla, with its long succession of tombs and monuments, terminating in the grand funereal Tower of Cecilia Metella. Passing the Coliseum, majestic in ruins, and the Triumphal Arch of Titus, then winding by the Palatine Hill, crowned by the palaces of the Cæsars, and along the low lying ground, which skirts the vast towering baths of Caracalla, you reach Porta St Sebastiano, built by the Emperor Aurelian in the year 273, when he enlarged the Roman walls. This magnificent gate, flanked by two great square buttresses, surmounted by massive circular towers, is a noble structure, worthy of being the entrance into the Via Appia.

This road, paved with rude flat stones, bound together with singular strength, and made by Appius Claudius

Claudius in the 440th year of Rome, reached to Capua, a distance of 95 miles, and was afterwards extended by Julius Cæsar to Brundisium, a city of Apulia. * Its construction affords a remarkable instance of the labour bestowed by the ancients upon their works.

Near to Porta St Sebastiano, and but lately discovered, lie the Tombs of the Scipios, in the vaulted chambers of which a sarcophagus, busts, and several precious inscriptions, now deposited in the Vatican, were found. At a short distance from the gate, in a small vineyard, fine remains are seen of the sepulchres of the freedmen and slaves of Augustus; and particularly of those of Livia, the mutilated friezes and broken pilasters of which sufficiently attest their former grandeur. The walls of the vaults reach to a height of thirty feet, the whole of which are closely lined in separate apertures, with small fragile looking earthen vases containing the ashes of the dead. The tablets of inscriptions found here, and now preserved in the Museum of the Campidoglio, are most pleasing; bearing a record of the praises and gratitude of the freedmen and slaves towards their masters. Tributes, perhaps, expressive of individual feeling; yet when we reflect on the dispositions of Livia, and the general abject state of slaves, *

* Now Brindisi, or Brundisi, in terra d'Otranto.

* These unhappy creatures, often tortured, and even suffering death for the real or supposed crimes of their masters, were treated as their flocks or herds of oxen might have been, inclosed and locked up each night in long dark corridors. Of these the remains are found among the ruins of many of the ancient palaces.

we are almost tempted to regard the truth of these memorials as being somewhat hypothetical. Conspicuous among these tombs, one stands high, like a rock on the sea-beach, believed to be the sepulchre of Horatia, sister to the surviving conqueror of the Curiatii, who, rendered furious by her lamentations over her lover, stabbed her. The cabin of a poor peasant now stands perched on the ruins, as if to mock this vain memento of death.

That path must be styled mournful, in which, at every little interval, monuments of the dead are seen rising to view; and the Via Appia is almost lined with sepulchres, even from the gate of St Sebastiano to the great Circus of Caracalla. The finest and most singular of these is the Tower of Cecilia Metella, erected by Crassus the Triumvir, to the memory of his wife. This magnificent edifice, seated on an eminence close to the road, which rises at this point to an almost perpendicular ascent, bears its honours proudly, still attesting its early and yet surviving grandeur. The dimensions are vast, the form round, rising from a base of enormous blocks of stone, in fine proportions, of fair white marble, terminating above by a circular frieze of peculiar beauty, the ornaments of which are composed of the skulls of bees, from each of which hang rich festoons of white marble. The massive bulk of the structure, its brilliant whiteness, the elevated site hanging over the deep gully of a powerful stream, and seeming as it were to cover the road as a strong castle of defence, gives it a lofty air of ancient grandeur, singularly fine. During

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the dark ages, this noble edifice served as, a stronghold, and place of impenetrable strength. At that period, a church and various buildings were erected under its protecting walls, of which scarcely a vestige now remains. It is vast and solid as the Pyramids of Egypt, and in grandeur emulates the Mausoleum of Hadrian.*

From this sacred monument, occupying a beautiful and elevated site, the eye wanders abroad over the distant prospect. Yet, while gazing on the surrounding scene, a feeling of indefinable melancholy depresses the spirit:—every feature is that of lofty grandeur, but mingled with a gloom that insensibly steals on the mind and saddens the heart. In one direction you look to Roma Vecchia, lying lonely and dreary. Amid her mouldering stones, the early breeze whistles over the heathy grass on its brown knolls, and the hum of the insect fly passes unheeded and undisturbed. Far, on the other hand, lies the boundless Campagna, fading indistinct in the dark blue grey of distance; while beyond, Rome, crowded with its innumerable spires, obelisks, and palaces, the splendid Church of St John Laterano, and noble city gate rising high, is presented to view, standing conspicuous, like a pointed rock in the air, receiving an added bulk from its own black shadow, which, as I then viewed it, lay in fine relief

* Among the ruins of the interior, the small and dismal vault, in which stood the Sarcophagus containing the ashes of Cicilia Metella, is visible. The Sarcophagus is still preserved, and is now in the Farnese Palace.

behind; while the morning sun streamed over its many statues, pouring down on the landscape below a flood of light. In the distance the noble aqueducts are seen, striding across the plain in vast but desolate majesty. No object on the long waste flat Campagna arrests the eye, which returns to look along the line of consecrated edifices, the massive ruins rising in lofty grandeur, back to the tower of Cecilia.

CIRCUS OF CARACALLA.

Turning from this sacred monument, you enter the Circus of Caracalla, the remains of which are still in some measure entire, presenting the whole scene to the mind's eye, and most forcibly recalling the number, power, and habits, of this singular people. It is situated in a flat field, surrounded by gentle acclivities, the form is a long oval, encircled by a wall, round the base of which ran a flight of ten steps, on which the spectators stood, raised above the arena, to view in safety the danger and tumults of the race. They were protected from the noontide heat by an arch which sprung from the summit of the wall, where the very singular contrivance of lessening the weight of the structure, by the introduction of earthen vases, may easily be traced. A narrow mound, styled the Spina of the Circus, runs from goal to goal, raised to prevent the chariots from crossing the arena, At the entrance of the course, were two lofty gates and towers, whence the signal was given for commencing the race, and

under which were placed carceres, or arched ways, where the chariots stood ready prepared. The gates were set in an oblique position, so as to give some advantage to the charioteer, placed farthest from the Meta, or centre of the Circus—a point always decided by lot. Through one of these gates the conqueror passed out in triumph, while, by the other, the dead or wounded were conveyed. The dangers of the course were such as to require the charioteer to guard his head by a helmet, to gird his loins, and protect his chest with mail. Seven heats round the Metæ generally concluded each separate contest. Sometimes, but rarely, there were only two horses harnessed to each chariot, more frequently four, and occasionally even so many as ten. The four colours, as I have already mentioned in describing the admirable Mosaic painting of Lyons, denote the different companies of the charioteers. Each association was supported by its particular adherents, thus giving new ardour and an added excitement to the contention for victory, the whole city being divided into parties. The eggs and dolphins, also mentioned in that piece, were placed high on a pillar, one being removed at each successive course, thus enabling the charioteer to ascertain, by a single glance, the number of rounds he had completed.

Nothing can convey more magnificent ideas of the power and riches of the Romans, and the grandeur of their amusements and public games, than those which were exhibited on this spot. Now, the ground is raised ten feet above its former level, the circular seats are

nearly buried, the arches broken, the spina covered, the gates, the towers, open and in ruins, the palace fallen down, and its noble arches bare. Where thousands were seen rushing on, urged by feelings of joyful animation, all is now still, and on the arena, where the thundering chariots coursed in rapid succession, the long grass grows dank as on the churchyard sod. The sun shines with unabated splendour o'er the low and silent space; but no cheerful sounds are heard—where all was life and animation, the « fox looketh out from her window, » and the lizard and the snake glide silently.

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VATICAN.

Perhaps nothing can exceed the noble grandeur of the galleries and courts of the Vatican. Unlike the sombre aspect generally characterizing libraries, museums, and similar resorts of the studious and the antiquary, it is as a world of exquisite beauty, vast, splendid, filled with the most admired works of art, and the most precious marbles. The lengthened vista, the varied perspective changing at each advancing step, the noble architectural proportions still preserved in every new form or dimension of apartment, the lofty iron gates, the beautiful fountains adorning the courts, and cooling the air with the play of their fresh running waters, the white balustrades, the pillars and magnificent columns, composed of giall'antique, and every richest marble, almost produce the idea of enchant-

ment; and the eye wanders around in eager curiosity, with amazement and delight.

Light is beautiful; and here it is seen, bright and sparkling, reflected from pure and precious marbles; while from the wide-spread windows the most delightful views of Rome, rich with her cupolas, spires, and obelisks, in every varied form of architecture, with her seagreen Campagna, bounded by the dark grey mountains fading in the distance, are presented to the eye. It is the noblest national possession in the world, and should, ever be sacred. The mind of man is, I trust, now so well informed, that no barbarous conqueror will ever again dare to touch it with a profane hand.

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ST PETER DELIVERED FROM PRISON.—This is a beautiful and perfect piece. The disposition of the figures is wonderfully fine, the action powerful and impressive. It is as a tale told with deep feeling.

The painting represents three subjects: the awakening the saint by the angel, his escape, and the consequent alarm of the sentinels. In the middle division, St Peter is seen through a grated vault, in chains, lying asleep, and guarded by two Roman soldiers, holding the chains on each side; while the angel occupying the centre, surrounded by a glory illuminating the interior with refulgent brightness, calls on him to rise and follow.

The finely diffused drawing, the bending, graceful, ethereal forms of the angel, himself a pure body of

light, the vivid gleams touching the armour, the brilliant glowing colours contrasting with the deep gloom of the cavern, present a scene powerfully effective, and indicating, with unequalled grandeur, the presence of a supernatural being. On the left hand, a beautiful tranquil moonlight scene, with sleeping sentinels, is displayed; on the other side, where the angel leads forth St Peter, his blazing form is seen proceeding onwards, one arm extended, as if piercing through the darkness, while with the other he conducts the saint, on whose countenance the varied emotions of terror, amazement, doubt, and trembling joy, are depicted, with a power and effect so forcible, as to cause an almost breathless interest. Meanwhile, the guards in the back-ground are beheld as if suddenly awakening; the lessened gleam falling on the distant objects, renders, with beautiful effect, the prison, the stairs, and grated windows visible, displaying, in the deepened shade, the alarm and confusion of the sentinels, who with lighted torches, are hurrying to and fro, in confusion and dismay.

The whole composition of this piece, the beautiful drawing and keeping, is such, that perhaps nothing of human invention can equal it. The colouring, and the art with which the different lights are represented, are most excellent. The bright atmosphere, encircling and irradiating the angel in the prison-scene, contrasting with the heavy gloom of the dark dank cavern, its milder lustre when the angel is conducting the saint through the street, the red glare of the torches, with

the effect of the cold, pale, chastened moonlight, are all inimitable.

NOZZE ALDOBRANDINE. — This most interesting piece, copied from the original by Nicholas Poussin, is preserved in the Palazzo Doria, where lives his excellency, Italinsky, one of the finest scholars and most accomplished men in Rome, educated in Scotland, speaking all languages, and worthy to represent a great nation. I had heard much of the singular merit of the Nozze Aldobrandine; yet, for beauty, colouring, drawing, and individual composition, I found it far exceeding anything I had imagined. The perspective of the couch, or canopy, is very fine, and gives occasion for the rising a little into action of the furthest figure; the colours of the silks are deep and gorgeous, the drapery in fine drawing, while the shining metal, stucco, and gilding at the foot, has the richest effect. The countenance of the bride, who is seated on the couch, is wanting in spirit and expression; but the bride-maid, or priestess, who officiates in that office, is a noble and striking figure, with a beautiful physiognomy, and turns towards her with the most animated gesture. But the bridegroom is the finest thing I have ever seen. His brown colour gives a singular appearance of hardihood, and token of having grappled with danger, and felt the influence of burning suns. He bears the aspect of a Mexican warrior, a prince, or hero. The limbs are drawn with inimitable skill, slender, of the finest proportion, making the just medium between strength and agility; while

the low sustaining posture, resting firmly on the right hand, half turning towards the bride, is wonderfully conceived, implying the habit of every power of action, combined with youthful flexibility; the long protruded left leg, with the much bending of the right, being peculiarly indicative of elasticity. The dark purple garment, gracefully thrown over the middle of the person, is finely done; and the large deep-set black eye, the noble countenance, the oval forehead, the pointed chin, and spirit and expression diffused over the whole, are altogether inimitable. This figure I should without hesitation pronounce to be, in point of composition, posture, and colouring, the most animated and admirable thing I have ever seen. The simplicity and effect of this central group are indeed truly beautiful, and possess all the power of a painting with the lightness of a drawing. The two lateral groups, placed at each end, not as forming a part in the interest of the piece, but merely as appendanges appertaining to the parade of ceremony, are also fine; and it is worthy of particular note, that the female figures, whether representing the matron or youthful form, are all designed with superior taste, the elegance of the drapery resulting as much from characteristic simplicity, as from the natural grace of their persons. The female figures are robed in long vestments, the hair bound up in nets, and the feet enclasped in sandals. A pleasing tone of purity reigns through the whole composition, in which nothing bacchanalian offends the eye, or invades the chaste keeping of the scene.

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STATUES.

THE ANTINOUS OF THE BELVEDERE. — Nothing can exceed the beauty and just proportions of this statue. The balance and living posture of the figure, the expression of repose and elegance diffused over the whole; the fine form and simple attitude, are all most exquisite. The head is small, compressed, and beautifully oval; the shoulders large, without any affectation of manly strength, but gracefully youthful, the breast wide, but not coarse; and the whole trunk without that insipid flatness in feature, sometimes caricatured by the ancients, and from which even the Apollo is hardly exempt. The thighs full round, and polished, the legs long, the patella high, as it should be in the limb which is in action, and pointed so as to give a beautiful conic form to the thigh, which only balances the figure, and is quiescent. The ancles are exquisitely formed, with much elegance and precision, and free from strained anatomy. In its entire state this statue must have been fine indeed, and so preserved, would have challenged a place among the most precious works of antiquity. Both arms are wanting, which cruelly spoils the fine symmetry, and greatly injures the just equilibrium of the figure. Among other restorations of the Antinous di Belvedere, or Mercury, (the destruction of his attributes throwing an uncertainty on the distinctive appellation,) the foot on which the figure rests, is so ill set on, as to produce a conspicuous deformity.

You suspect something of this while looking in front, but are shocked with it, when the statue is viewed in profile; and the whole of this arises from a little thickening of the cement on one side. We are told that Dominichino made the just proportions of this statue his constant study, forming from its general contour and aspect his notions of the beau ideal. Yet, although I much admire the symmetrical justice of composition in the whole, there is, in my opinion, a stillness of expression, and a something of formality in the immovable sweetness of the countenance, unvaried by the slightest approach to motion, which gives a tameness certainly destructive to the perfection of beauty.

The exquisite polish of this precious morceau adds infinitely to its beauty. This fine finish, and consequent lustre of marble, producing a quality of softened light and shade, bearing, in statuary, a character analogous to colour in painting, is indispensable where the artist's chief aim is directed to the display of beauty in person or countenance.

THE MELEAGER of the Vatican affords a remarkable proof of the justice of this observation, the general effect of this celebrated statue being much injured by an absence of this distinguishing feature in the art.

The Meleager resembles the Antinous; but, upon the whole, with some few exceptions, is inferior. The countenance is animated, the eye intelligent, the mouth just opening, the features and expression beautiful, and the action and turn of the head implying reflection,

in all of which points he surpasses his rival, whose fine features are fixed and motionless. The animation of the countenance is also well seconded by the action of the body, which may be defined as a gentle sustaining action. The forms are full, round, and manly, the drapery good, and cast, like that of the Antinous, round the arm, but being joined by the boar's head for support, it is an undoubted Meleager. Yet are the beauties of the design, and fine proportions of this heroic statue, counteracted more than could be imagined, by want of finish, as well as by the absence of beauty in the marble itself, which is not only full of blemishes, but rude and coarse in its surface. The consequence of all this are a flatness and apparent weight and heaviness in the figure, singularly inimical to grace and beauty. As there is no polish, the middle of the thigh, the patella, the shin-bone, the breast, the top of the shoulder, the cheek, the chin, are wanting in relief. It is not unworthy the attention of the artist to note the effect resulting from the careful polishing of all the parts I have just mentioned, which I think he will find producing a character true to nature, and giving them their finest forms.

CLEOPATRA IN THE GALLERY OF THE MUSEUM.—
A beautiful recumbent figure. The charm and delicacy of the female forms are not in any degree injured by the colossal size of the statue, which requires only to be viewed at a distance, and that not great, to discover the exquisite grace, and fine proportion, for which it

is so eminently distinguished. The figure lies in a reclining posture, supported on one shoulder, the left arm bending round meets the head, which rests on the back of the hand, the fingers and wrist slightly bending under the weight, while the right arm, forming a curve over the head, hangs down behind, as if gently sunk into rest. The throat swells beautifully; the bosom is well delineated, and exquisitely formed, but yet with modesty, and shaded by the interposing drapery, which is gracefully gathered below, by the zone that encircles the finely-turned waist, and falls down the side in rich natural folds, describing the body. The bending forms, the full, yet delicately rounded limbs, lie in quiescent deep repose, finely expressing the gentle helpless yielding to sleep. Where the thigh begins, the artist, with wonderful skill, has contrived to cross the bands that confine the drapery, so artificially as to conceal the bulkiness of the haunch, a part of the female form in which it would seem beauty and necessity had some contention. From this rich crossing of the bands, the thighs and limbs come out and lie large, long and full; but with all the delicacy of posture, and feminine flexibility, true to dignity and grace. The head is adorned with thick plaited hair, which forms a circle round the forehead, while a thin transparent veil falls over, gathered in a mass under the sustaining arm. The features are beautifully feminine, yet full, finely representing all the loveliness of womanhood, and a little oblique as indicating deep and tranquil sleep. Although the drapery covers the whole

figure in large rich folds, the female form is exhibited with a distinctness, a grace, and charm, which, (so much does female beauty gain by modesty and purity of aspect), far surpasses the effect in my mind produced even by the finest nude Venus; feelings which gain strength while contemplating this statue, so lovely in the confiding, beautiful innocence of sleep, of gentle breathing sleep.

They call this statue a Cleopatra, a Dido; but I cannot approve of converting so general, so fine a form, worthy of a grand poetical design, into a portrait. Let the lady sleep in peace. I am sure it is such a sweet and gentle slumber as the dissolute Cleopatra, or infuriated Dido, never knew. Combined with the above-mentioned distinguished beauties, there is in this statue so fine a character of refined female modesty and tranquil repose, that, as a picture and a poetical representation of sleep, nothing can excel it. The dying Gladiator is perhaps the finest nude, and this assuredly the finest draped figure that exists.

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THE DYING GLADIATOR.—A most beautiful and precious work, and of peculiar interest, as bringing so forcibly into evidence the power which the art of statuary may possess, of touching the heart. I have gone daily to view this fine statue, and still behold it with renewed feelings of admiration and sadness. There is a curling up of the lip, as if the languor and sickness of expiring nature had confused the sensations, and

convulsed the features, and that almost suggests the idea of paleness. He has fallen, he raises himself upon his right hand, not for vengeance,—not to resume his now useless weapon,—not to appeal to the people. No; he looks not beyond himself, he feels that the wound is mortal; he raises himself for a moment on his yet powerful arm, to try his strength; but his limbs have the trailing, bending form of dying languor; he looks down upon his now useless weapon, and bloodstained shield; he is wounded, his limbs have failed, he has staggered and fallen down, and has raised himself for a moment to fall down again and die. It is a most tragical and touching representation, and no one can meditate upon it without the most melancholy feelings. Of all proofs, this is the surest of the effect produced by art. He was a slave, he had no family, no friends, he was bought with money, and trained and devoted to death. It is then all the singleness of death and despair that you are too feel. No picture of tragic effort is presented, it is one impression, and if any artist has ever given that one impression, it is the author of the Dying Gladiator. The design is, in this sense, finer than anything in statuary I have ever seen, and given with wonderful simplicity. It is a statue, which, like those of Michael Angelo, should be placed in a vault, or darkened chamber, for the impression it makes is that of melancholy. Although not colossal, the proportions are beyond life, perhaps seven feet, and yet from its symmetry it does not appear larger than life. The forms are full, round, and manly, the visage mourn-

ful, the lip yielding to the effect of pain, the eye deepened by despair, the skin of the forehead a little wrinkled, the hair clotted in thick sharp pointed locks, as if from the sweat of fight and exhausted strength. The body large, the shoulders square, the balance well preserved by the hand on which he rests, the limbs finely rounded, a full fleshy skin covers all the body, the joints alone are slender and fine. No affectation of anatomy here, not a muscle to be distinguished, yet the general forms perfect as if they were expressed. The only anatomical feature discernible is that of full and turgid veins, yet not ostentatiously obtruded, but seen slightly along the front of the arms and ancles, giving, like the clotted hair, proof of violent exertion. The forms of the Dying Gladiator are not ideal, or exquisite, like the Apollo; it is all nature, all feeling. In short, in this beautiful and touching production, for powerful effect and mournful expression, the languid posture, the whole form of the bleeding and dying gladiator is executed with all the modesty of nature; never came there from the hands of the artist a truer or more pathetic representation.

This natural and melancholy picture is like a ballad chanted in its own simple melody, which makes a truer impression on the heart than the highest strain of epic song, or heroic conception of the artist.

The singular art of the artist is particularly to be discerned in the extended leg; by a less skilful hand this posture might have appeared constrained; but here, true to nature, the limbs are seen gently yielding,

bending from languor, the knee sinking from weakness, and the thigh and ancle joint pushed out to support it. The gouts of blood are large and flat, hardly attracting attention, and do not spoil the figure. If the attitude had been studied, and the posture represented as an appeal to the passions, or if he had been made to die as gladiators were then taught to die, * for effect, the statue would have been spoiled; had he been raised so as to look up in a beseeching attitude to the people, or to the victor, it would have been but a poor and common statue. The marble is beautiful, not too glaring, a fine cream colour, equable and pleasing. The statue is entire, with the exception of the toes of both feet, restored, it is believed, by Michael Angelo. The collar and rope are signs of his station. The gladiators were generally slaves; disobedient servants being frequently sold to the Lanistæ, whose practice it was, after instructing them in the art, to hire them out for fight. The highest reward which could be received by a gladiator was obtaining freedom, and a release from being called upon to fight in public. They were then styled the *Rudiarii*. **

* They were taught to expire in attitudes calculated to extort applause from their surly masters, lords of their fate.

The life of the vanquished gladiator, as is mentioned by Suetonius and others, rested on the pleasure of the spectators. If the prowess and courage displayed by him who was overcome had given satisfaction, and gained their suffrage, the thumb of each hand was held up in token of mercy, a contrary motion proclaiming condemnation and death. After which dismission they were maintained at the Public charge.

(*Note of the Author.*)

ZENO IN THE STANZA DEI FILOSOFI.—A beautiful half draped statue, in which a character of youthful old age is finely preserved, presenting, with exquisite skill, the spare but hale body, the flowing beard, and keen piercing eye, with the simplicity and coarseness of drapery appropriate to a philosopher.

CUPID AND PSYCHE.—Two beautiful small figures, exquisitely grouped. The contour, the form and limbs finely rounded, the whole expression full of nature, presenting all those fascinating, and almost indefinable graces, developed in the first burst of youthful loveliness. There are few statues, even among the finest, which have not their favourite aspect; but the composition of this piece is such, the balance and proportions so admirably preserved, that it may be viewed from every direction with undiminished effect.

THE ANTINOUS.—The fine proportions and elegant forms of this most exquisite statue are rendered still more striking from the splendour of its beautiful marble. With models such as this, and other precious remains of ancient sculpture, it seems wonderful that John of Bologna, and other great artists, should have fallen

** From the word *rudis* (rod) given by the Pretore in token of their exemption from further exercising their calling.

» *Donatum jam rude* (Hor. Ep. 1. lib. 1.)

» *hic Sergius idem*

« *Accepta rude coepisset Vejento videri* » Juven. Sat. 6.

(*Note of the Ital. Trans.*)

into the error of so constantly seeking to display their knowledge of anatomy; frequently injuring their finest productions, by forcing the features of that science into notice. Because the moderns, among their other philosophical discoveries, found that the human body was composed of bones, muscles, tendons, and ligaments, is the statuary called upon perpetually to remind us of this circumstance? Why was it so beautifully clothed with skin, but to hide the interior mechanism, and render the form attractive? Anatomy is useful as a corrector, but no more. Its influence ought only to be felt; and to render it available, the artist must be well practised in general effect; like perspective, it is a good rule to assist the eye, in what a good eye could do without a guide. In the *Antinous*, the anatomist would look in vain to detect even the slightest mistake or misconception; yet such is the simplicity of the whole composition, so fine and undulating the forms, that a trifling error would appear as a gross fault. Every part is equally perfect; the bend of the head and declining of the neck most graceful; the shoulders manly, and large without clumsiness; the belly long and flat, yet not disfigured by leanness; the swell of the broad chest under the arm admirable; the limbs finely tapered, the ease and play of the disengaged leg wonderful, having a serpentine curve arising from an accurate observance of the gentle bendings of the knee, the half turning of the ankle, and elastic yielding natural to the relaxed state in that position from the many joints of those parts.

The distinctive and characteristic features of these four last mentioned statues afford a fine illustration of the observations I have just offered. The soft infantine beauty in the Cupid and Psyche, the nobler and grander forms of Antinous, the manly and strengthened limbs of maturer life in the Gladiator, with the slender rigidity of age in Zeno, are all finely delineated, and totally exempt from any straining after anatomical precision. The forms are simple, pure, natural, and free from every affectation of science. I have hardly ever seen in the statues of the ancients, and certainly never in their finest works, the Antinous, the Apollo, the Gladiator, etc. a muscle caricatured. I think I can easily perceive that even the great Michael Angelo himself was not exempt from entertaining too great a fondness for doctrine, new, as applied to statuary, and in his zeal to render it effective, we sometimes find him, in pursuit of his object, while aiming at expression, only producing coarseness. Something of this may be traced in his celebrated Mosè, in San Pietro in Vincoli. It is a noble work, and one in which the artist evidently meant to display his acquaintance with anatomy; but in searching too curiously after science, the grand general result has partly escaped him, the outline having many conspicuous defects. Nor is the general detail faultless. The right arm, full, muscular, and nervous, is fine, especially in the anatomy, and well proportioned to the size of the figure, but seems too large, contrasted with the left, which is mean, scraggy, and altogether in a different tone of composi-

tion, as also defective in the very art in which he sought to shine, having mistaken the origins of the pronator, and of the biceps. The attitude and sitting posture is well managed, and fine; but the limbs are set rather too much at right angles, which greatly injures the grace and flow of line. In the attempt to give a heroic character to the figure, the artist has made it too colossal. The drapery also is too voluminous; and the largeness of the limbs and length of the body hardly correspond with the size of the head; while the expression of the countenance, which was meant to be grand, serious and imposing, has a cast of fierceness, not in keeping with the repose of the quiescent posture, or characteristic mildness, imputed to the great Jewish lawgiver. The beard is fine, and beautifully flowing; but, if it might be said in speaking of the work of so great an artist, it is a little caricatured. The effect, upon the whole, is grand and imposing, and it is perhaps adventurous to have criticised so freely a work held in such high estimation; but my object is, simply to give notices of such points as, perhaps, the course of my studies may have enabled me to detect with a precision that might escape a less practised eye.

The Church of San Pietro in Vincoli, in which the Mosè is found, is in my mind, the finest in Rome, because presenting the most simple yet superb, forms of architecture. One grand central nave, lined on each side with Tuscan columns of the finest fluted marble, opens upon a great semicircle, in which stands the high altar; and here, in a spacious, noble architectural

arch, this magnificent statue sits. The four figures filling up the space in the vast circle, and which were finished by one of the pupils of this great master, are all simple, well executed, and the general effect very fine.

VENUS FROM THE BATH.—A demi-colossal statue, of nearly seven feet and a half. It is extremely difficult to represent a delicate form in such gigantic proportions; but this is fine, and bears throughout a character of modesty singularly pleasing. The whole figure is feminine, simple, noble, and full of graceful bendings, the fulness of the person giving roundness to undulating forms, which in a more spare figure would have been angular. It is singular how often in the proportions of a Venus we find loveliness and richness of contour sacrificed to an exaggerated lengthy slenderness, with an unmeaning thinness of back and loins, unnatural to the female form. In the two extremes, namely, that of delicate beauty in the Venus, and supernatural power in the Hercules, how frequently does the representation of the first degenerate into simpering prettiness, while the other is swelled into monstrous forms of coarse brutal strength! The fulness and fleshiness of skin in this figure of the «Venus from the Bath» gives a plump and ripe although delicate, roundness to the arms, where they rise from the back, and in the junction of the patella muscle with the arm, above the breast, as also the roundness of abdomen and groin, which I have never observed equalled in any other

statue. The vase of perfumes, with the drapery thrown across, is a rich and a fine accompaniment to the general effect of this piece.

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CHAPTER TENTH.

NOTES ON ROME.

THE HOLY WEEK—THE MISERERE—EASTER SUNDAY—FIREWORKS
OF CASTLE ST ANGELO—CHURCH OF THE ARACOEI—THE
PREACHER.

THE HOLY WEEK.

THE ceremonies of the Holy Week, giving at this season character to Rome, are very splendid. Yet, while contemplating the magnificence displayed in their churches, the heart involuntarily reverts, with a pleasing glow, to the memory of the simple forms of worship in our own country. There is nothing commendable in the Roman Catholic religion, but that the church is always open, a sanctuary to the afflicted. There he can lay his distracted head against a pillar, or sit upon the steps of an altar, to compose a mind ruffled with the cares of this world, or stung by its ingratitude. There the sinner may meditate upon eternity, and the blessed promise made to him « that turneth away from his wickedness, » which speaketh peace to the contrite soul. It is pleasing to go into a solitary church in the evening hour, when the lamps on the distant altar are seen like dim stars through the red setting sun, and, in a scene of solitude and silence, like that of the desert, amidst architectural magnificence, and the gloom of the tombs of those that have

passed away, soothe the over-fraught heart, and the grief that cannot speak.

There was a time, in ruder ages, when Rome saw her streets crowded with pilgrims from every distant laud; when all the splendour of princely grandeur, and the influence of princely humility, were displayed; kings and emperors walking their penitential rounds, and receiving pardon and absolution.

Then was exhibited the imposing spectacle of our Saviour's entrance into the Holy City. The priests, and the Pope himself, singing hosannas, carrying palm branches, and opening the gates. The washing of the pilgrims' feet, placing them at table, giving them food, and dismissing them with presents, were acts of unaffected humility towards those who had traversed seas and deserts, to cast themselves before the throne of the Pope, to kiss his feet and his garment. The extinction of the torches, the singing at midnight in profound darkness, the beautiful and soul-touching music of the *Miserere*, while from afar, voices, imitative of the choir of angels, were heard, rising and sinking in the distance, must then have presented a solemn and impressive scene. But the littleness of the detailed exhibition now introduced in the churches, is calculated to disturb, I had almost said to grieve, the human spirit. The history of our Saviour is most pathetic, and most touching, when left to the unadorned sublimity of scripture; but the slightest innovation in the character of grand simplicity supported throughout, sinks, instead of elevating, the homage of the heart.

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HOLY THURSDAY—THE MISERERE.

The service opens by a portion of the Lamentations of Jeremiah sung by the choristers, after which the Pope recites the pater noster in a low voice; then being seated on the throne, and crowned with the mitre, the theme is continued, sung loud and sweet by the first soprano, in a tone so long sustained, so high, so pure, so silvery and mellifluous, as to produce the most exquisite effect, in contrast with the deep chorusses, answering in rich harmony at the conclusion of every strophe; and then again the lamenting voice is heard, tender and pathetic, repeating one sweet prolonged tone, sounding clear and high in the distance, till brought down again by the chorus. The exquisite notes of the soprano almost charmed away criticism; but yet we could not help being conscious of the difficulties attending a composition of this nature, even in the hands of so great a master as Allegri, whose music it was; nor of perceiving that, after a time, the continued strain and measured answering chorus becomes monotonous, and the mind insensibly sinks into languor. Yet the whole is very fine: it is as if a being of another world were heard lamenting over a ruined city, with the responses of a dejected people, and forms a grand and mournful preparation for the Miserere.

The last light being extinguished, the chorus, in hurried sounds, proclaims that our Saviour is betrayed; then, for a moment, as a symbol of the darkness in

which the moral world is left, the deepest obscurity prevails ; when at the words « *Christus factus est pro nobis obediens usque ad mortem,* » the Pope, the whole body of clergy and the people, knelt, (in former times, they fell down on the earth,) and all was silent, when the solemn pause was broken by the commencing of the *Miserere*, in low, rich, exquisite strains, rising softly on the ear, and gently swelling into powerful sounds of seraphic harmony.

The effect produced by this music is finer and greater than that of any admired art ; no painting, statue, or poem, no imagination of man, can equal its wonderful power on the mind. The silent solemnity of the scene, the touching import of the words, « *take pity on me, O God,* » passes through to the inmost soul, with a thrill of the deepest sensation, unconsciously moistening the eye, and paling the cheek. The music is composed of two chorusses of four voices ; the strain begins low and solemn, rising gradually to the clear tones of the first soprano, which at times are heard alone ; at the conclusion of the verse, the second chorus joins, and then by degrees the voices fade and die away. The soft and almost imperceptible accumulation of sound, swelling in mournful tones of rich harmony, into powerful effect, and then receding, as if in the distant sky, like the lamenting song of angels and spirits, conveys, beyond all conception to those who have heard it, the idea of darkness, of desolation, and of the dreary solitude of the tomb. A solemn silence ensues, and not a breath is heard, while the inaudible prayer of the

knelling Pope continues. When he rises, slight sounds are heard, by degrees breaking on the stillness, which has a pleasing effect, restoring, as it were, the rapt mind to the existence and feelings of the present life. The effect of those slow, prolonged, varied, and truly heavenly strains, will not easily pass from the memory.

EASTER SUNDAY.

The service on Easter Sunday is grand and most imposing, insensibly raising the feelings to a true accord with the scene. There, under the superb dome built by Michael Angelo, the solemn mass is sung in deep silence, amidst the assembly of priests and princes. The morning was serene and lovely, the sun shone clear and bright through the edifice, giving to its imposing dimensions, and noble architecture, a more than usual splendour. At the end of the great cross, terminating in the grand altar, the Pope is seated, supported on either side by his cardinals and bishops, with their attendant priests, presenting a numerous and gorgeous array. The marble balustrade encircling the altar, is lined within by the guards, and spreading out at the further ends, galleries are extended, destined for royal visitors, princes, and ambassadors, on the one hand, and on the other, for strangers of all classes. The vast height of the dome, rising superbly overhead; the magnificent lower altar of fine bronze relieved by a beautiful railing of white marble, and lighted by lamps which burn continually; the fine effect produced

by the gigantic statues lessening in the distant vista, as the eye traverses along the immense space of this noble structure, form a coup-d'œil very striking, and singularly fine. At the conclusion of the service, the Pope advancing to kneel at the lower altar, recited the Pater-noster, and then proceeded from the church to the balcony in front of St Peter's, to perform the benediction. The sacred character of this ceremony receives an added dignity from the fine and commanding aspect of the surrounding scenery. The approach to St Peter's is very grand, the space within the court immense, and the columns and colonnades most magnificent; while the noble and high buildings of the Vatican are seen towering on the right hand in a broad style of irregular but fine architecture. Large flat steps, ascending to the wide-spreading gates of the church, run to the whole length of the edifice, producing from their vast extent, one of its most striking features, while over the low, square-roofed, and not unpicturesque buildings, in front of St Peter's, the eye wanders abroad to the distant prospect, to the blue hills, and far-seen glaciers, the effect being altogether solemn, and fine beyond imagination.

The ample steps of St Peter's were peopled by thousands of the peasantry, who crowded from every distant part of the Campagna, mingling with citizens of the lower ranks: those of the higher classes, forming rich and showy groups, were seen on each side, covering the fine flat-roofed colonnades. Below, on the level ground, the whole body of the Papal guards was drawn

out in array. Beyond, stood, like a deep dark phalanx, the carriages and innumerable equipages, the vivid tints of the brilliant mid-day sun giving every variety of colour, by deepened shade or added brightness. In the central balcony of the church, awaiting the approach of the Pope, were seated a rich gorgeous throng of cardinals and prelates, overlooking the countless numbers in the space below, covered without spot or interval as with one mass of living beings. Expectation prevailed throughout, till his holiness approached, when, in a moment, all was still; every eye turned from the gay and sunny scene to the dark front of St Peter's, lying deep in shade, from its massive columns; not a breath, not a sound reached the ear. The deep silence that reigned amidst such a concourse was most impressive; the whole scene excited feelings of the deepest interest, as we contemplated the pale, benign, mild countenance and venerable aspect of him, who was now bending forward with anxious zeal to bless the surrounding multitude. The rich deep toned bell of St Peter's announced the conclusion of the benediction—solemn sounds, which were instantly answered by the loud pealing cannon of Castle St Angelo, as likewise by the musicians, and clamorous rejoicings of the people.

When night approaches, and the dome of this magnificent temple is hung with lights, all the grandeur of its architecture is displayed. Each frieze and cornice, arch, and gate, and pillar, is enriched with lines of splendid fires, and every steeple, tower, and bulky dome, glittering with light, seems to hang in a firma-

ment of its own, high in the clear dark sky. The long sweeping colonnade forms, as it were, a golden circle, enclosing the dark mass of people below, filling the spacious basin of the court, while the waters of the superb fountains, sparkling in the partial gleams of light, are heard dashing amid the hum and inurmur of the busy throng; when suddenly, in an instant, the form is changed, the red distinct stars are involved in one blaze of splendid flame, as if the vast machine were turned by the hand of some master spirit.

From this object, the spectator is next hurried to view the splendid fire-works of Castle St Angelo, esteemed the finest in the world, and which, for general aspect and effect, are perhaps unequalled. All at first was dark, the deep dense mass of the populace filled the squares and streets, while the carriages, each with its lights reflected from the dark flood of the Tyber, swung slowly and heavily across the bridge. No place or city affords so magnificent a scene, for exhibiting the alternate effects of brilliant illumination and sudden darkness, of utter silence and overwhelming sounds. The vast, round tower of the castle rises over the scene, with its bulky cornice and flanking bastions; the bridge of fine and level form, leads direct to the gate; while the statue of St Michael, big and black, with broad expanded wings, hangs over the tower, and the Tyber, walled in with an amphitheatre of antique houses on the farther shore, sweeps round the castle in deep and eddying pools; and in the distance, as if hung in the air, the vast dome of St

Peter's is seen from afar, striped and adorned with its many thousand lamps, and crowned with rich circles of fire.

All is dark and silent, when the first gun from St Angelo booms along the river, and shakes the ground. Again a stiller silence prevails, when vast flames burst from the centre of the circular tower with an explosion truly magnificent, filling the air with various-coloured fires, which shoot upwards and athwart, with hurried and impetuous motion, involving the whole fabric in clouds and darkness; then all at once, within the dark clouds, appears, in pale and silvery light, the structure, long spread out with glittering columns, frieze, and cornice. The river, gate, and bridge, involved meanwhile in redder fires, when again all is dark and silent. After each pause the guns announce new explosions, while the sound rolls through the city, emptied of its inhabitants, and solitary as the surrounding hills, which again reverberate the sound.

Nor can anything, perhaps, be more striking than the revulsion of feelings caused by the sudden cessation of sound; the change from the most dazzling, and almost fearful light, to utter darkness; from sounds the most astounding to perfect stillness. At the last tremendous explosion, the whole edifice was enveloped in a rush of fire, while the broad brooding statue of St Michael on its pinnacle, hung black and ominous, apparently suspended in the air, and floating on a vast mass of flame. Then again all was still, and deep obscurity prevailed. The moonlight shone faint upon

the distant landscape, and the river reflected the solitary and sullen lamps in a degree to give darkness effect, and show imperfectly the forms of the bridge, and the mass of the slow-retiring crowd. During this wonderful exhibition, altogether peculiar to this city, and not unworthy of the occasion, no confusion, no bustle ensued, no noise or clamour; each individual, satisfied with the wonders he had seen, returned quietly to his own abode. This splendid display closes, as with one flash of magnificence, the ceremonies of the Holy Week, and the stranger retiring slowly from the scene, feels as if he had witnessed, not the trivial show of an hour, but some signal phenomenon in the natural world.

CHURCH OF THE ARACOELI—THE PREACHER.

Among many churches which I visited on Christmas eve, I chanced, at a late hour in the night, to enter the grand and ancient edifice of the Aracoeli. Perfect stillness prevailed, and all was dark, except the great altar. There, thousands of wax tapers burnt bright and vivid, sending forth a flood of light which poured along the great nave, and athwart the massive columns, shooting into the deep obscurity, which seemed more profound as the distant objects receded from its last rays. Before the altar were numerous figures, kneeling in silent prayer, composed almost exclusively of old and sickly-looking females of the poorest and most wretched classes of Rome, their pale and haggard countenances but too forcibly bespeaking the extreme of poverty.

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The light beaming across, touched with partial gleams their lowly bending forms, now enveloped in a deeper shade, now displayed with more vivid glare as it played around the sunken cheek and thinned hair, growing scanty on the cold uncovered head, the shrivelled hands meekly folded, or the glistening eye raised in fervour to heaven. The whole effect of this scene was singularly picturesque and touching; the brightly illuminated altar, shining with redoubled power in the midst of profound darkness; the stillness that reigned throughout, the silent meditation of these lonely women, seemed like life and hope awaiting the opening dawn of moral light.

Although I had been much struck with the noble aspect of this ancient church, and altogether impressed by the recollections left on my mind at my first entrance within its venerable walls, I did not again revisit the Aracoeli till at a much later period, when, passing along the Piazza di Campidoglio, my attention was accidentally attracted by perceiving a number of people assembled at the gates of the church, some of whom, seemingly, were loitering and stationary, while the greater portion passed in. In the season of Lent, it is very usual among the priests and brothers of the monastic orders to pronounce discourses in the different churches, which being always poured forth at the inspiration of the moment, and delivered with that powerful energy so peculiarly characterizing the manner of the Improvisatore, may not improperly be classed as appertaining to this style of composition. In the

belief that occasion was perhaps now offered me of indulging a desire I had long entertained of hearing such a discourse, I went in and found my conjectures well founded. A sandal-footed, bare-armed, unclothed-looking monk, young, with a pale visage and negligent aspect, stood leaning against a pillar at the upper end of the middle nave; his grey coarse habit, girded by various folds of thickly knotted cords, seemed scarcely to cover his person; his almost naked arms hanging down by his side, while his cowl, which had fallen back, discovered a wild pallid countenance, and a long, lean, bony throat. He stood silent and motionless, like an image or statue, as if lost in meditation, or exhausted by the vehemence of his own overwrought feelings poured out upon his auditors. These were composed of various classes, but more especially of such as are daily seen, forming little groups in every quarter of Rome; thin slight-made figures, their cloaks with an effect not unpicturesque, carelessly thrown over one shoulder, playing at the game of *Mora*; beings whose means of existence seem as inexplicable as their mode of life. The orator had evidently reached to an elevated strain before my entrance, leaving, as he had suddenly paused, vivid traces of his arguments on the countenances of those he addressed. Among these might be seen the varied effect of his eloquence. Here the spread hands, the half-opened mouth, the strained eye, spoke an earnest, yet amazed attention, while perhaps near him stood, with silvered hair and meek aspect, the pale anchorite, trembling, while he listened, lest

perchance even he might not be secure against the punishments of the evil doer. While beyond him might be seen the dark, gloomy, steady gaze of the brooding fanatic, whose flashing eye seemed to kindle with the orator, and keep pace with his denunciations—perhaps contrasted by the quiet, unthinking air of contented stupidity, looking as if the sense of hearing alone were roused, or by the speaking eye, beaming with zealous fire, as if ready to challenge or answer each new proposition. Some stood with downcast looks, serious and reflecting,—others walked softly along; now seen, now lost among the pillars; while the larger portion, who had been as it were surprised by their emotion into a momentary taciturnity, were hastily forming into groups, and beginning, in whispered accents, to converse with that eagerness and vivacity which so peculiarly characterize their nation. But soon, above these murmuring sounds, the full, deep-toned voice of the preacher struck the ear, when suddenly all was again hushed to silence. Slow and solemn he opened his discourse; but, as he proceeded, his features became gradually more animated; his dark, deep, eloquent eye kindling as he spoke, and throwing momentary radiance over his wan and haggard countenance, while the round mellow tones of the Italian language gave the finest energy to his expressions. With frequent pauses, but with increasing power, he continued his discourse; his voice now low and solemn, now grand and forcible, but still with moderated and ever varied accents, which worked on the feelings, at one moment producing the

chill of strong emotion, and then, as he changed his tone, melting the heart to tenderness. The object of his sermon and self-imposed mission, was to gain votaries, and win them to a monastic life, by portraying the dangers, the turbulence, and the sorrows of the worldly, (*i Mondani*,) contrasted with the peaceful serenity of the heaven devoted mind. Occasionally, as if warmed by a prophetic spirit, with an air now imploring and plaintive, now wild and triumphant, with animated gesture, and tossing of the arms, alternately pointing to heaven, and to the shades below, he seemed as if he would seduce, persuade, or tear his victim from the world. The powers of his voice and action gave an indescribable force to his language, carrying away the minds of his auditors with a rapidity that left no pause for reflection. The sombre chastened light of day bringing forward some objects in strong relief, and leaving others in shade, the peculiar aspect of the monk, the magic influence which seemed to hang on his words, and lend force to his eloquence, gave to the whole scene a character at once singular and striking.

The effect produced on the mind by music is various in its degree, and often most powerful; if, then, the tones of an instrument so much move us, can the organs of speech be without effect? The inflections of voice, possessed by an Italian, must act forcibly, although perhaps insensibly, on the nervous system, and to this influence, no small portion of the charm of the *Improvisatore* may be ascribed. The construction of the language is also most propitious to this style of com-

position; not only as possessing in itself a power so singular over the affections and sensibilities of the heart, but as being indued with characteristic properties, which increase the wonderful rapidity by which the most striking and changing imagery is suddenly presented to the mind, while accents so sweet and flexible easily fall into numbers, giving a grandeur to the strains at once pleasing and impressive. To form a learned and accomplished Improvisatore, long study and training we know to be necessary; but the first principles and foundation on which to establish his acquirements must be found in natural propensity; and, as I have already noticed, this is undoubtedly possessed in a peculiar manner in this country.

I witnessed one morning on my journey a trifling, yet not uninteresting proof, of this faculty natural to the Italian, while we were passing the mid-day hour of repose in a small inn, other travellers, as they successively chanced to arrive, were all shown into the same apartment with us. Among them entered a woman and her son, a boy of eleven or twelve years of age. A lady, whose deep mourning and pale countenance spoke her to be in affliction, made one of the previous guests. On her, as if influenced by some charm, the youth's eye instantly fell, and hastily, but yet not ungracefully, stepping forward, he addressed her in a measured cadence of great elegance. The suddenness of the action, and the deep pathos of his tones, produced a general surprise and admiration; and having offered this little tribute to feeling, he quietly retired, resuming

the simplicity of his natural manner, which for the moment had given way to the animation appropriate to the Improvisatore. The peculiar temperament and distinctive national characteristic of the Italian, are likewise in alliance with this mode of composition; the vivacity, the ardour, the passionate feelings that animate and impel them to sudden bursts of excitation and enthusiasm, being most propitious to its production. We may at the same time observe, how much peculiar habit, prevailing in different parts of Italy, directs these feelings. We have seen the sculptor or painter in Florence followed with an extravagance of admiration, which in our colder clime would seem delirium, a whole street bearing a name in memory of the rejoicings occasioned by the success of a painter, and the contention between rival artists becoming a national concern.



CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

NOTES ON NAPLES.

SLIGHT OBSERVATIONS ON ARCHITECTURE — CHURCHES S. FILIPPO
NERI — SAN SEVERO — SAN GIOVANNI A CARBONARA — ST
ELMO — SAN MARTINO.

It is not in the modern and more splendid street of Toledo, in the Piazza Reale, and still less in the Chiaja, that we find anything striking in the ecclesiastical buildings of this city, the unvaried grecian style which marks their character, causing a sameness unpropitious to general effect. But it is rather in the Corpo di Napoli or nucleus of Naples where we are to look for any thing interesting in the sacred edifices, as, although with some exceptions, they were chiefly erected in the earliest periods of gothic architecture, the antique cast which they exhibit, their irregular and even capricious form, certainly untrue to every canon of the art, yet arrests the attention, and gratifies the eye. † Grecian architecture in public buildings in

† The gothic of the first ages was vast and gloomy, monotonous, destitute of proportion and void of ornament. To this succeeded a new stage, in which with solidity was combined a certain degree of lightness and elegance. Then followed the third epoca, when the Moors Saracens and Arabs burst into Italy and France, but especially into Spain; then the elements of the eastern style were introduced, and lastly after the revival of letters, the proportions of the greek order was partly intermingled with the impressive solemn gloom of the interior, and the playful capricious ornaments which embellished the exterior in gothic architecture: then it became perfect.

palaces; or in private houses, where particular features may be varied, cannot fail to offer structures of great majesty and beauty, while in churches the necessary continuity of front unrelieved by the gorgeous richness peculiar to the gothic mode, must always seem tame. A sacred edifice should be on an elevated spot, unconnected with other buildings, in a space where various fronts are open to view, and where its basements, columns, and fine flight of marble steps may be displayed; but when a church is distinguished only by pillars or flat pilasters situated in a street, niched in between shops or other buildings, all nobleness or grandeur is destroyed. There was nothing of this in ancient times; the Christian, like the Gentile Temples were set apart from all profane buildings, and stood in elevated and insulated sites, filling the eye and occupying the undivided attention in viewing their individual merit or beauty.

Architecture is not solely to be defined as consisting in scientific rules and measurement, proportioning the length of the shaft to the column, or selecting the appropriate ornaments to the order of the fabrick, this is the mere grammar of the science, essential to the architectural artist, as an acquaintance with the principles of speech, and rules of composition to the orator, or poet; but, the most important doctrine of the art is, to consider what chiefly contributes to render a city great and noble, to chuse the forms appropriate to particular spots, in the construction of its gates and walls, its castles and churches, in fine fountains and noble palaces, and by embracing in its general aspect

the majestic features of ancient times, to present an imposing and grand result. Cities built on plains or wide districts of land, after models and designs of the present day, are far from producing the noblest efforts of architectural combinations. Such are like a garden, gay and brilliant in its well trained plants, and beautiful groves, while the gothic wears the imposing stamp of the wild forest, the lofty tree with its noble trunk and crooked arms, thrown out in rich and grand confusion. A modern city of greek architecture is, I am aware, generally admired; its streets are long and wide and regular; its squares are ample and finely designed, having their corner and center houses of the most correct architecture; handsome railed balconies, laying stretched out, supported on either side by tall pilasters, crowned by capitals of the finest corinthian or composite order: But these fair edifices of white stone elegantly chiselled, standing on flat ground, still offering a repetition of the same form, wearies and fatigues the eye, and produces nothing of the august magnificence of the stately buildings of ancient times.

The gothic has in its aspect something gigantic, and possessing the magic effect of carrying the imagination back among the iron Barons of past ages, in so much that although not so ancient as the greek, it seems much more so. The great massive walls and rude gates by which it is characterised, the coarse pavement and quaint but noble fountains, with their antique figures, their great edifices, of grey stone, the sides or

angles standing out capriciously; deep walls; vast arches, thrown across streets without any obvious purpose, but magnificence; the intricate passages of their castles; their turrets; the gloomy grandeur; the irregular angles; all have a superb effect, and leave indelible impressions on the fancy. The antique city elevated on its rocky site, adorned by fine gates, temples, palaces and fountains, by its vast monasteries, its winding streets opening suddenly on picturesque views, giving character and expression to every spot, offers a constant excitement and new source of interest, like a fine picture in which a tale is told, and in which each portion awakens an idea or a varied impression. Who can forget the many cities of Italy, rising grand and wild in the distance, with their walls and castellated Towers? Let the architectural artist observe the majestic edifices of Florence, and travelling on towards Rome look on the interesting remains of Perugia, or the picturesque effect of the antique cities, crowning the surrounding acclivities, and then from the eternal city on to Naples, beautiful in its lovely shores and rocky Islands; let him consult the grand proportions of the various edifices presented to his view by day, and in his midnight walks, watch the bright moon-beams flinging their long deep shadows athwart their dark massive walls, and if his heart be not cold to the more sublime impressions of his art, he will find his imagination warmed to a finer glow, and his feelings powerfully excited, by the noble pictures presented to his view.

The happy result of such combinations may be observed from the different effect produced by a Manchester or a Harrogate, and a noble gothic city like Gloucester, Lancaster, or Edinburgh. Petersburg, (perhaps the finest city in the world) gives a striking exception to these general principles, as although situated on a vast plain and regular, and formal in its structures, yet offers an aspect at once grand and beautiful, and this arises from the rapid flow of its noble river, and the magnitude of its edifices.

Examples offered of fine picturesque effects produced by buildings in themselves irregular and unamenable to any style of architecture is perhaps more frequently to be seen in Naples, where classic order is so often set at nought, than in almost any other city. The towering sites it offers, the undulating form and varied ground on which it is situated, often unexpectedly presenting striking vistas, and the exquisite beauty of the Bay, which binds its shores, naturally contribute to this effect. I should as an instance in point select Largo di Castello. It commands an ample space, gay in the sun-shine, surrounded by angles of Streets presenting perspective views of noble palaces, and in one side passing into Strada Medina, the old gothic edifice styled Castello Nuovo is seen standing up in stately grandeur with its vast round Towers, bound in by a deep cornice supported by soffits and surmounted by fine embrasures; the whole recalling in its heavy but noble aspect a memorial of other times; while the beauty of the back-ground, leads the eye along beyond

the bridge to the Mole with its light house and towing vessels; the deep blue sea, the beautiful distant shores and vast burning mountain terminating the prospect: or, looking up in the opposite direction, the eye rests on St Elmo, grandly rising on the heights, proudly seated on the brow of its rugged hill, giving character to all the surrounding scene.

In an open space in Strada Medina stands a beautiful marble fountain of gothic architecture, richly ornamented; of noble dimensions, but yet with proportions so exquisite and embellishments so delicately fancied as to produce a light and elegant effect. The form is circular surrounded by flat pillars, while a marble ballustrade encircles a stone basin of great size, to which four steps lead, each adorned by two Lions couchant, the intervals being occupied by Dolphins, bestrode by laughing boys in various graceful attitudes; four Satyrs as *cariatidi* sustain a flat cup, on which sea horses are laid, the finely sculptured and spirited heads of which are chiefly distinguished, while in the midst of them in the centre, Neptune stands up with his Trident in his right hand, from each prong of which a stream of pellucid water rushes out, dashing and leaping over the various forms, falling in fine confusion, brightly sparkling in the sun-beams to the overflowing basin below.

The city of Naples although beautiful from so many points having been built at distant and various periods, and so often without having any direct principle of architecture, as a guide, it would be difficult to select

amongst its edifices any exactly offering illustrations on such points as I have touched upon, especially in regard to churches. I have therefore confined myself, solely to the description of a small number of such as seemed to me most interesting.

SAN FILIPPO NERI, generally styled Girolamini, is a church, beautiful in its vastness, its splendid marbles, fine architecture, rich decorations, and paintings by great Masters, one especially by Giordano, which may vie with any of Raphael's, in the Vatican. The general effect of this noble edifice, is altogether finer, than I believed compatible with grecian architecture, the gothic, for the erection of cathedral or church, being so much greater in producing expression and grandeur.

The approach to the church, is fine, white marble steps, of a splendid length, run along the whole façade which is entirely of marble after a design of Denys Lazzari. The entrance is spacious, and the whole church in all its beauty, is at once presented to the eye. The form is that of a Roman Cross, the whole being of noble dimensions, and fine proportions, large, full and each part in admirable keeping. The church is composed of three aisles, divided by twelve magnificent granite columns, of a soft grey tint, of exquisite workmanship and high polish. The capitals and bases are of white marble. The ornaments of the friezes and straggling leaves are finely bold, the cornice powerful, without being heavy. The arches before the high altar

while the Altar itself stands up finely majestic, and which although rich in every varied marble, Egyptian, Sardonyx, jasper lapis-lazuli and others, is yet chaste, beautiful and solemn; two statues of white marble, standing to guard the sanctuary, finely mark the great length of the church, and have a dignified effect.

The pavement is partly of marble, of a sober tint, such as gives a solemn cast to the whole; the brilliancy of the gildings of the friezes and cornice, softened down by time, having lost a part of their lustre, also, blending so as to contribute to the general rich low tone prevailing throughout. The ceiling is of exquisite workmanship, and entirely gilt; but yet not gaudy. The admirable distribution of light likewise gives much additional grandeur to the general result of colouring, for while the lower parts are all sombre, the light above is poured in by a regular range of square windows, running round the ample bronze and gilt cornice.

The Chapels are all lofty and beautiful, particularly that of St Filippo Neri, to the right hand of the high Altar, the architecture of which is good, the cupola, noble, and the fresco pictures by Solimene, most effective. But of all the splendid parts of this church the Sacristy is the most perfect: it is so singular, yet so precisely correct in all its forms. The style is gothic the architecture rich, much adorned, and yet not wanting in the solemn aspect so essential to grandeur in a sacred edifice. The entrance, is by a wide square door, under a noble arch, answered with fine effect on the other extremity by a corresponding arch. The

view beyond terminating with the great Altar. The whole is lofty, beautiful, exquisite, and even fantastically adorned, yet without being puerile. It possesses many valuable and interesting paintings; one, especially; the meeting of our Saviour, and St John, by Guido. It represents two beautiful bending figures, like sister-forms, gentle, meek and thoughtful, as if seeking another and a purer world. The arms and limbs of our Saviour, are gracefully slender, and the head of St John is so turned, as if he had just embraced him; his whole countenance being deeply impressed with reverence and love.

Among many fine pictures, two others by Ribera may be particularly noticed, one representing our Saviour with his hands bound, preparatory to his being scourged; the other Saint Andrea looking up to his cross, both executed in a fine masterly style, but having much the character of sketches, in consequence of the varnish being exhausted, and the gloss gone. There is also (but situated too high to be seen to advantage) an unfinished picture of the flight into Egypt by Guido, a fine deep-toned, powerful, but indistinct sketch.

On leaving the Sacristy, and again entering the church and proceeding onward from the high Altar, the eye rests with delighted surprise, on Giordano's magnificent painting, above the great entrance, a space as difficult to manage, as Raphael's window in the Vatican, and filled with a subject admirably chosen, as it bears to be broken upon below and yet lose nothing of its perfection, nay it gains, as it admits of an inde-

finite distance, producing a fine theatrical effect. Our Saviour is represented clearing the polluted Temple. The architecture of the holy Edifice, stands in the highest point of the picture, its columns diminish in fine perspective, fading beautifully and indistinct in the distance, in front of which our Saviour appears, with a grandeur, not of man, but as if in the moment of assuming the God. His right hand is elevated, not as if to lash with a scourge, but rather to fulminate the worthless, and drive from the House of God, « those who had made it a den of thieves. » A lower genius perhaps might have drawn our Saviour larger than life, rendering him the first great prominent object, in the act of driving culprits from before him, but Giordani throws a halo round the form of the Divinity, mixing beautifully with the aerial splendour of the picture—Not a mortal form but a Cause. When the artist descends to the mob, that are driven out, he paints them with wonderful powers, and while just under the immediate presence of our Saviour, he shows them flying before him in trepidation, leaping from the balustrades of the Temple, throwing themselves over the stairs, and wildly casting themselves down in despair and confusion, giving in its effect an intensity and activity to the scene indescribable. The lower figures larger and nearer to the eye are represented as less agitated, looking up to those above, but with more self possession. One especially is seen wrapping himself up in a large and beautifully painted shawl, seemingly in the act of hiding some precious goods, merchandize, plate or bags of

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gold; probably one of the money-lenders whose attitude is unparalleled in the art of painting for action indicating eager living feeling. Rather higher, and as it were, hanging over the gate, there is another masterly figure of fine round proportions, and also of much action. The colouring of this noble painting is much faded, and must have been splendid, indeed, when in all its freshness: for drawing, for powerful expression, and admirable effect in foreshortening, nothing can be imagined finer.

Two modern paintings are on either side of the gate by Luigi Manzanete. The one represents the death of Uza who in the procession of the ark puts forth his hand to sustain it; but he falls awkwardly under the chariot wheels, exciting the uneasy feeling, that were, it not drawn by the slow paced heavy ox, his body must have been crushed under them. The other is the chasing of Heliodorus forth from the Temple: but the miracle is here lessened by being magnified, for in Raphael's painting in the Vatican on the same subject, *two* Angels only are represented, but in this there are three. It is in some sense a copy from this great master's design, the chief feature in the picture being in both the same, that of the principal Angel. But it has not the simplicity of Raphael's fine painting. In this composition the space for action is wanting, the whole being much crowded. It fails also in perspective, as the two angels who are in the air, and the one on the fore-ground, are all close to the fallen Heliodorus.

Both those pictures have the same defects, absence of clearness in the composition, which also is wanting in

grandeur, especially the first mentioned, in which the number of limbs causes great confusion, and in spite of much fine and fiery action, good drawing, with a beautiful and brilliant style of colouring, the paintings are not good.

There is another picture in the church, by Guido Reni, splendid among many fine ones, in the fifth chapel on the left hand, in which San Francesco is seen kneeling in the act of prayer. The head is inimitable! so sad, so pale, so ghastly, yet so expressively touching at once mournful and sublime.

The church is after the design of Denys Bartolomei, and was endowed by Filippo Neri in the year 1592.

THE CHAPEL OF SAN SEVERO.

The Chapel of San Severo, styled Santa Maria della Pictà, erected in the year 1590, by Prince San Severo di Sangro, may be considered as the mausoleum of that noble family, it adjoins to the palace of that name, with which it communicates, by a gallery. The interior of the edifice is sombre and gloomy, although much decorated, almost crowded by marbles, but having suffered greatly by an earthquake, in the year 1805, it offers something of a ruined appearance, which greatly injures the effect of the whole; and it now owes its chief celebrity to the possession of three Statues, unique in their kind; two of which are entirely wrapped in veils, and one involved in a net. The first is a statue on the tomb of a Princess of the Sangro family, by

Corradini, representing modesty. The Second by Gucciolo, is that of her consort. The Third is a dead Christ, modelled by Corradini, but sculptured by San Martino.

These works have been so generally admired, that it is not without some hesitation, the critic can venture to analyse the subject, or touch on the merit or demerit of the style of sculpturing, although, perhaps, borne out in his opinions by the principles of art. Were they only described as an interesting novelty, and as a proof of extraordinary patience, in the artist who chiselled the marble, as also their being unique (although this last point offers at least a doubtful praise, as their never having been imitated is no slight argument in their disfavour) gives them a claim, as far as these extend, to our admiration. But if there be any thing beautiful in the human form, and excellent in the representation of that beauty, on what principle can veiling the whole person be founded? If it has been adopted as a conceived improvement on wet drapery, the conception is surely erroneous, as the superiority of the first is evident, since while offering a slight shade to nudity, (and neither afford more) the countenance and the forms of the head, the noblest part of the human figure are left free, while in the other, the expression veiled implying in direct terms the concealment of the face, must be injurious to beauty. This is fully demonstrated in the example of the statues before us, both in that of modesty, as well as in the representation of our Saviour: the falling of the veil across the features, giving them an undecided cast, little consonant

to grace or majesty. Neither in this production has the artist chosen, the happiest emblematical representation of modesty. The forms of the figure are large and full; the head thrown back; the position bold, while a rich garland of roses running along the lower folds of the veil is out of keeping with the portly proportions of the statue, or the character assumed, and would more besit the airy lightness of a dancing girl or a Flora. A bending form, the hands meekly crossed on the breast, the head gently inclining forward, causing the veil to fall down in graceful folds towards the centre of the figure, thus liberating the countenance and contour of the neck, so characteristic of the female form, would have expressed the idea more appropriately.

The second statue is by Guerciolo, also representing a Prince of the Sangro Family, consort to the Lady. He is involved in a net, emblematical of Vice, from which aided by an Angel he is struggling to disengage himself. The whole is sculptured from one block of marble. It offers a singular proof of human perseverance, and of the wonderful patience of the artist: but the result is not propitious, its knotted texture having gathered a certain blackness in all the points, gives it a heavy coarse aspect, and if the Statue were fine, would naturally inspire the wish of extricating it from the load, by which it is incumbered.

The third Statue is that of our Saviour, wrapped from head to foot in a veil, lying extended in death. Veiling the whole figure is derogatory to the simplicity and grandeur, so peculiarly the attributes of sculpture,

and if the propriety of this style may be in any degree questionable, or designated as puerile, and incompatible with the principles of the art, how objectionable must it become, when representing this sacred subject, so essentially demanding to be treated with classic purity. The artist with the design of displaying the person through the veil, and of giving it transparency, has exaggerated all the prominent parts, which are thus out of drawing, and the effect of the veil falling across, and hanging from the neck in harsh angles, is most unpropitious to all dignity or majesty of expression. The sculptor has also erred in another point, instead of representing the forms as those in recent death, when the proportions and roundness of limb, still retain their primitive beauty, the figure is reduced almost to a skeleton, an extenuation, which causes the head to seem ungracefully large, as well as the lean bony hand, which lies along the form, and of the muscles and sinews, which, in every part, are too strongly marked. Yet the lifelessness of the position, is mournfully and finely expressed, and were this statue, alone in some vast church, the sharp angles of the veil, hanging across the neck, and the harshness of its general features softened by distance, space, silence and solitude, throwing a halo around the sacred subject stretched out in death, would give it a character, solemn, touching and most impressive.

SAN PAOLO.

This is one of the finest churches in Naples. The site commands a grand elevation, standing on the vaults of the ancient Temple, dedicated to Castor and Pollux, erected close to the Theatre of Tiberius by his freed slave Tarsus. The edifice having fallen into decay, was rebuilt in the fourth century after a design of Grimaldi's when six of the original columns, with a splendid corinthian cornice of vast size were preserved, but in the earthquake of the year 1688 the whole fabrick was laid low, and two only of these noble columns remained, to tell of its early grandeur, as also offering a memento of past days, the Torsos of Castor and Pollux, which are to be seen ensconced in the walls of the church. The whole edifice now presents a fabrick in the regular grecian order, of great extent of front, with an ample projecting stair, leading to the church by a double flight of steps, that land on a noble platform, originally the Perystile of this Temple, this being marked by the two beautiful columns of white fluted marble, with corinthian cornices, that are seen standing out from the church in fine relief, and before them the bases of two others, probably similar to them.

The interior of the church, is very noble, its proportions beautiful, the columns large and of fine architecture, with capitals and friezes admirably designed. The marbles are exquisite, and the gilding rich;

even to brilliancy, yet the whole is in such fine keeping, as to combine splendour with perfect chasteness.

The aisles are divided from the body of the church by beautiful columns, each central point of which rises into fine arches supporting splendid domes, giving much grandeur to this portion of the edifice; while the side chapels enclosed by rich bronze gates, are so finely disposed, as not to interfere with the architectural proportions of the structure.

Every portion of the church is rich in painting and beautiful marble. The frescos of the ceiling by Massimo, are especially very effective; the tone of colouring is deep and powerful, and many of the groups are designed with infinite skill. The whole effect, on entering this beautiful church is most striking. The high altar encircled by a balustrade of fine dimensions and guarded on either side by an angel, sculptured in pure white marble closes the view in fine perspective; while the noble proportions of the edifice; the extreme richness prevailing throughout, and the subdued autumnal tone, produced in the general result, from the exquisite combination of colouring, is so admirable, that I know nothing out of Rome, the Certosa excepted, that has so much delighted me.

The Sacristy to which we now proceeded is also a fine structure, offering very noble architectural proportions, and rich in fresco paintings by Solimene, the ornamental details, independently of his celebrated pictures occupying the two ends, being masterly. The whole effect of this beautiful place is very pleasing,

light, elegant and almost gay, from the pure fresh style of colouring, that distinguishes the general character of the painting.

Solimene's noble picture on the south end, represents the fall of Simon the Magician, the subject of which is taken from an ecclesiastical tradition, in which the Fathers describe him as denying the reality of St Paul's miracles, and maintaining that he himself could perform greater wonders, offering in proof of the truth of his assertion to fly upwards, towards the Heavens, and descend uninjured. A day accordingly being appointed for the trial of his powers, the Emperor Nero, with a vast concourse of people, assembled to witness the result. It appears, that the Sorcerer by the aid of magic, was able to raise himself to a great height, when his strength suddenly failing, to the amazement and terror of the spectators, he fell to the earth with a velocity and violence so great, as to shiver his body to atoms.

High in the central division of the picture, beautifully giving distance to the scene, an effulgent, but pale mass of coloring appears, in which the sorcerer is seen rapidly falling to the earth. The Emperor seated on his throne, fills on one side an elevated position, while a little lower, at the opposite end, on the upper range of steps, supposed to lead to the Temple, of which a small portion only is visible, St Paul kneels in fervent prayer; beneath, finely designed, and with rich flowing drapery, are two female forms, the head of one raised in earnest gaze, the other bending over

a youth; while occupying the fore-ground, on either side, are two noble figures, grandly prominent, one of whom is looking up with wonder and admiration, the other who seems more wrapped in thought, is a fine drawing of an academic figure, one of the most splendid things I have seen. In the highest portion of the painting, a pure bright light of fine transparent effect, is seen breaking from the Heavens, disclosing an Angel, who seems to have impelled the Sorcerer down towards the earth.

The composition of this piece is admirably conceived, and of wonderful execution, the design and grouping masterly, the forms round and full, and the coloring powerful. The tale also is finely told, and the falling figure of the Sorcerer so true to nature, that it almost occasions a sensation in the spectator, who beholds him, inevitably, about to be dashed to the earth.

Opposite to this, the artist's second picture is situated, the subject of which is the conversion of St Paul. In coloring and general effect it has considerable merit, especially in the full round forms of the figures of the fore ground, but it is painted in a more diffuse, a feebler and less impressive style; there is too much sky, and the action is not embodied in any very bold or striking groups; but the figure of St Paul, represented as having fallen from his horse, is fine; the fore-shortening well expressed, and the head of the animal looking back, as if in terror from the vivid light of the opening sky, is spirited.

At the end of the first flight of steps leading to the

crypt, there is a low arched chapel, in which behind a superb bronze railing, the body of St Gaetano is laid. From this, led by the sound of service being performed, I proceeded towards the ancient vaults of the Temple, the cloisters of which are of princely extent, and supported by fine antique columns of granite. Here I found a gloomy little church, in which a faint glimmering light, shed by a few dim lamps, discovered two or three figures kneeling, whose bended posture and clasped hands, as if in fervent devotion had a singularly impressive and picturesque effect, while the seeming secrecy, the loneliness and silence, only broken by distant and suppressed sounds of chanting softly accompanied by the notes of a deep-toned organ, forcibly recalled to memory the early periods, when in humility and terror, the first Christians offered up their vows to Heaven, in dark recesses and gloomy caverns. The effect of the whole had in it something very touching and impressive, filling the mind with saddened but yet not unpleasing contemplation. †

SAN GIOVANNI A CARBONARA, founded in the year 1339, and dedicated to John the Baptist, received its distinctive appellation from the circumstance of charcoal having at one time been made in its vicinity. This church is seldom visited by strangers, but yet in some points is not unworthy of notice. The edifice

† The funds of this church to defray the expence of praying for souls in Purgatory, are so ample, that they admit, after having provided for 1300 Masses, of portioning in marriage yearly 12 young females, each to have 50 piastres.

itself, is of the nudest and simplest architecture, but it is richer in strange and fantastic gothic ornaments, than any other church in Naples; precious, as offering an intermediate step between the severity of the first ages of the order, to the succeeding grandeur and beauty it assumed, on the revival of letters and the arts. But its chief interest arises from its early history, as bearing a memorial of the sentiments and feelings of Petrarca. The eminence it now covers was in other days occupied by an amphitheatre where gladiatorial games were held, a circumstance handed down to posterity, by a passage in one of his epistles, describing a scene which made the blood of this sensitive being run cold. « Ignorant (he begins) of the whole, I was » conducted to a spot near to the city, styled Carbo- » nara, a word truly adapted to black and sanguinary » deeds, where the labourers work on the anvil of » Death. The Queen (Giovanna I,) the young An- » drea and all the Neapolitan military, than whom » none can be more richly attired, or of finer bearing, » were present, as also a vast concourse of people; » when suddenly, as if some circumstance of transport » and delight, had occurred, plaudits and cries of » joy rent the air.—I looked, and behold! a beautiful » youth, pierced by many wounds lay dead at my » feet. I stood amazed, then putting spurs to my » horse, fled in trepidation, from a spectacle so full » of horror. » †

† Illuc ergo pridem ignarus omnium ductus sum ad locum urbi con-

The site of the edifice is noble, standing high and overlooking a fine open portion of the city, presenting an ample space, with wide and regular streets. A flight of steps of considerable extent leads to a platform, diverging on either side into other flights, ascending to the church, which in its primitive state must have been fine, but at present, the ornaments above the doorways alone remain to mark its ancient form; the whole having been repaired, with an utter neglect of the order, in which it was built; in so much that even its very destination has been changed, as what evidently only formed a chapel to the main erection, now represents the church itself. The lower part of the interior preserves its original aspect, the tomb-stones marking its antiquity, offering only the rude sculpture of the period when little beyond straight lines, formed the contour of the human figure, but the high altar, the ascent to which is by a few steps of white marble, is rich in ornament, imposing from its vastness, and interesting as representing, in its purity, the earlier style of the florid gothic. Behind it, is situated the sepulchre of the gran Siniscalco Caracciolo, remarkable for the tragic fate brought upon him, by the attachment

grum, quem Carbonarium vocant, non indigno vocabulo, ubi scilicet ad mortis incendinem cruentos fabros denigrat tantorum scelerum officina. Aderat Regina, et Andreas Regulus... aderat omnis Neapolitana militia quo nulla comptior, nulla decentior. Vulgus certatim omne confluerunt... repente quasi laetum aliquid accidisset plausus inenarrabilis ad Coelum tollitur. Circumspicio, et ecce formosissimus adolescens rigido mucrone transfossus ante pedes meos corruit. Obstupui, et equo calcaribus adaucto, letum ac tartareum spectaculum effugi.

borne him by Giovanna II. who meditated raising him to the throne, when he was murdered by a conjuration among some of her nobles, jealous of his influence, but which was more particularly plotted by her Sister in law, the Duchess di Sessa. His death was so severely mourned by the Queen, that it was said, she never after knew a happy moment.

In an intablature in the front of the altar there is a beautiful head of John the Baptist, sculptured in pure white marble. It is rather less than nature, without beard; and much younger than he is usually represented: a cast of melancholy pervades the whole, with a mild and sweet expression, while the listlessness of death is touchingly portrayed, by the gentle inclining posture of the head.

In a chapel at the lower end of the church, there are sculptured in alto-rilievo some figures of considerable merit, well grouped with varied expression, and in another near to it, on the left hand, there is an esteemed painting of our Saviour, on the Cross by Vasari. This artist was chiefly remarkable for the celerity with which he executed his designs, and in order thereto (probably glorying in this) he has been too generally led to crowd his canvas filling it for the most part with hastily drawn figures, and unmeaning flat countenances. But on this occasion he has deviated from his favourite system, and the design is simple, chaste, and the effect most touching. The Saviour is represented on the cross in a great solitude, lonely, silent and dreary, the melancholy of which

is heightened by the wild and gloomy sky of the back ground, in which a faint light begins to glimmer, just breaking in after the eclipse and earthquake, throwing over the whole composition, an expression of desolation singularly mournful and impressive. †

SAN MARTINO AND ST ELMO.

St Elmo, originally erected by the Norman Princes, stands finely situated on a rock, on the most elevated spot of the amphitheatre of hills rising behind Naples, which present from every distant point of view, a noble and striking object. The road leading to it from the city, is steep and difficult, but after having reached the summit and passing along various lanes, on turning an angle of the road, the eye rests on this venerable structure, (the grey castle of olden times) with admiration at its simple grandeur. It rises to an immense height, its bastions in one solid mass, almost cover the space on which it is stretched out, its stupendous arches, like gateways, hardly shew where the rock terminates, or the building begins; its ponderous bulk, unrelieved by any order of architecture, by embrasures, by windows or gates; its irregular form, the sombre tint of its ancient walls; the sterile site it occupies, where nor shrub, nor living plant appears, offering nought but rock and castle opposed to a flat sky, gives to the whole an as-

† A part of this having fallen in, the above picture has been nearly destroyed.

pect of wildness, but yet of lonely grandeur, which is singularly impressive.

Closely adjoining to this structure the church of St Elmo with a convent of the order of Chartreux, are situated, giving grace to the broken ground, and the rugged face of the hill on which St Elmo stands. If this edifice, in its fair proportions and splendid forms, as seen from a distance, excites admiration, this feeling on a nearer approach is heightened into delighted surprise, while contemplating the finished architecture and magnificence of its interior, rich in marbles, in gems, in works of art, and in paintings by the finest masters: still it is unincumbered by its richness. The façade of the church is situated in the first court leading to the convent, and is of considerable magnitude. This is succeeded by others in a straight line, finally terminating in a terrace, which commands a grand view of the city of Naples. The ingress to the church is by three splendid bronze gates, and in passing these it is, that the traveller pauses to wonder and admire.

It is not the vastness nor the grandeur of massive pillars or ponderous arches, which awaken these sensations, but an aspect so bright, so splendid, and yet so chaste, on which the mind and eye dwell, as on a holy spot, surrounded by a soft and sacred halo.

The high-altar which divides the church from the choir, stands in front, encircled by a magnificent white marble balustrade, of the most exquisite order, enriched with precious stones and valuable gems. On each side of the nave are three chapels, finely arched, enclosed

by highly ornamented bronze railings, having a gate in the centre; beautiful altars, paintings by great masters, and a tessellated pavement like that of the church, composed of the finest marbles, mark their interior. The choir lying directly behind the great altar, is of fine architecture. On either hand from this run a range of chambers, consisting of the Sacristy, robing-room, treasury, council hall and other departments, all rich in adornments, in paintings and in marble pavements. The various dispositions of light, by which these are distinguished also greatly contribute to the general fine effect of the whole. The sober tints of the treasury and other portions of the edifice finely contrasting with the richer glow which is poured into the church, and reflected in its bright marbles and warm colours, although so splendidly adorned, is from the fine taste and keeping which prevail throughout, beautifully chaste.

The ceiling in fresco, by Lanfranco is painted in a gorgeous, but gaudy style; fine in drawing, fresh in colouring, and rich in figures, yet wanting in that diffusion necessary to harmonize the whole. Fresco requires hasty execution, and in this piece each form is insulated, and seems lying upon a pure blue sky, without softening or blending into general effect.

At the entrance of the church, on either side of the great gate, are Moses and Elias, in octagon frames painted by Spagnoletto. The heads of these are in particular much esteemed, especially that of Elias, which is inimitable, the drawing powerful and the colouring

fine, while the whole form possesses a certain degree of ease and grace difficult to be produced in a space so limited, as that, in which the artist had to work. The figure of Moses is very stiff, but the upright position in which he stands may be considered as giving small scope for expression or play of form, but on the whole the composition of this piece is a very ordinary conception, and offers little of the grandeur of a prophetic spirit. The act of pointing with his finger on a book is particularly undignified, while the rays of glory which dart on his head, have a peculiar and most unpleasing effect.

Spagnoletto has succeeded much better in the more difficult task of drawing his proportions and situating his prophets above the arches or Lunettes of the Chapels, where, in spaces inconceivably small, and of most unpropitious form, he has given wonderful proofs of his varied and powerful talents; having in these confined spaces sketched some magnificent figures, exhibiting without constraint, and in the finest style, their heads and shoulders.

The Prophets are represented as in moments of enthusiasm, bending over their scrolls in wrapt meditation, and offer in the composition and expression, the truly poetic spirit and creative genius, which so peculiarly distinguishes this artist. But, although many of these are fine, dignified and noble paintings, there are among them some rude and shaggy forms bearing the marks of having been dashed off in haste.

Isaiah and Jeremiah on either hand in entering

are peculiarly fine, especially the first, which exhibits a character of mildness in expression and softness of colouring very beautiful.

The choir, to which we proceeded, passing from the church, is of elegant architectural forms, the ceiling painted in fresco begun by the Cav. d'Arpino and finished by Bernardino is fine; but its most admired treasure situated directly behind the Altar is the celebrated unfinished picture of the nativity by Guido Reni.

It is a sacred and beautiful work, and derives a peculiar charm from the effect of the sky, and distant hilly landscape, and the prevailing sombreness of shade from which arises a pleasing expression of gentle melancholy. It offers no gaudy colouring, no masses of bright glowing red, which even in Girardó della Notte's best paintings, are found too profusely dashed on the throats and the hands of his figures; but here a soft pleasing tint is diffused over the whole. The Holy child is laid in the centre of the piece, surrounded by a glory full of splendour; the simple youthful, but maternal figure of the Virgin, bending slightly forward, the silent placid joy depicted in her whole deportment, as she hangs over the babe, is most impressive, while the effect of the soft light which illumines her countenance, throws over her features an expression of celestial beauty, indescribably fine. The eager pressing forward of the elder shepherds, in the act of adoration, and the more submissive and humble worship of the younger, kneeling before the infant is finely marked. The manly form of the youths, and bold drawing of

their shoulders and breasts, contrast with the more delicate proportions of the women standing behind them, whose modest simple retiring demeanour, and pensive sweetness are pleasingly expressive of feminine softness.

The distant landscape slightly tinged by the moon-beams passing athwart the hills, and along the valley, marks the stilled serenity, forming the peculiar and distinctive charm and characteristic beauty of southern climes.

That this exquisite painting is unfinished, while every part is in so sweet and so fine a tone, ought not to be a subject of regret, yet a sensation of saddened feeling, powerfully steals over the mind, while the eye dwells on this beautiful painting, involuntarily lamenting, that so great a master should die, leaving this his finest work unfinished; a sensation no doubt heightened, as the exquisite beauty of the Virgin's countenance, on which with the drapery encircling her bosom, the light just glances, having alone received the last touches of the artist, evince what the painting would have been, had he lived to terminate the whole.

Near to this is a superb picture of Spagnoletto. But it was done in the critical moment of his abandoning the bolder style of Caravaggio, for his own more touching and impressive manner, and it is painful to observe the slowness of progressive attainment even to those gifted by the finest talents, for in this intermediate step, he certainly does not excel. Yet it is a picture that attracts from a general cast of magnificence, in

consequence of which the surprise becomes greater on discovering faults, which are only visible, when the first impressions on beholding the picture have subsided.

The subject is Christ amidst his disciples giving the sacrament. The picture consists of one group. Our Saviour stands finely prominent near the centre of the piece, administering to one of the Apostles, who kneels before him, bending in meek and humble posture, receiving the bread with uplifted hands; while St Peter with the enthusiasm peculiarly marking his character, throws himself forward seemingly to kiss the ground, which his Lord treads. The group thus becomes a perfect triangle, and in spite of faults in drawing is, by its form, and great body of rich colouring striking and interesting; but still the work must rest its chief ground for praise, on its general magnificence, as it derives all its splendour from its form and richness of effect.

The finest, the most perfect work of this great master (and I don't know that a finer exists) is his deposition from the cross in the Treasury. The manner in which the figure of our crucified Saviour is placed, the mournful posture of Mary the Mother of God, the form of Joseph, and of St John, the young and gentle disciple whom Jesus loved; of Mary Magdalen, who bathes his feet with her tears, and wipes them with her long streaming hair, presents an indescribably beautiful and touching scene. Yet the fine artifice, and inimitable art which distinguishes the composition of this picture,

perhaps even surpasses the grand melaucholy which it conveys.

The body of our Saviour laid out in a fine linen cloth is foreshortened with wonderful skill. The declining head resting on the left shoulder, the palid form exhibiting with beautiful truth to nature, the sinking abandonment in death are touchingly expressed. The prominent position of the right shoulder is in fine drawing, large and full, prolonged in an admirably designed taper arm, and a hand beautifully and delicately formed, the palm bearing the marks of the nails, while the limbs and especially the feet (also marked by extravasations livid and dark), are foreshortened in a miraculous manner.

Nothing can be conceived more masterly than the drawing and foreshortening of this figure, an art resulting from exquisite skill, combined with knowledge and deep study. The composition, or in other terms, the imagination, feeling and judgment, with which this picture is executed, surpasses all power of description.

The head of our Saviour is supported by St John, while Joseph stands beside him, in calm dignified manly grief. Mary Magdalen with all the ardor of female feeling, is seen in the darkest part of the picture, her head bent down with lips closely pressed, with fervour, with distraction kissing the livid feet of our Redeemer, while the Virgin in all the anguish of a Mother's sorrowing, with clasped hands bending over our Saviour, her eyes partly raised to Heaven, her pale countenance beautiful in grief, expresses all the wrapt absorbed emotions of irretrievable woe, while her gently parted

lips, seem moving as in murmured aspirations after another and a better world.

The mind dwells long on this superb picture, the touching effect of which is greatly heightened by the deep solemn style of coloring which so finely prevails; a style admirably harmonizing, and, in fine keeping with the subject. So powerful is its attraction that the eye with difficulty withdraws its gaze, from a representation so exquisite, and so eloquently persuasive of the great sacrifice of God for man.

The Treasury contains another inimitable production, a painting in fresco by Giordano, which occupies the vaulted ceiling and arches, offering a most beautiful and finished work of fine animation, and exquisitely varied in all its parts. The subject is the history of Judith and Holofernes, which fills the circle of the dome. Judith is seen with the spirit of a patriot and a prophetess standing on a rocky mount, holding out vigorously in her right hand the streaming head of Holofernes to the people, while groups of warriors attend her steps. In the opposite quarter of the circle his tent is seen, those around look into it, and behold the body lying on the couch a headless trunk; the third and fourth quarters are filled with representations of the movement and confusion of battle, horses rearing, some running off with velocity from the field, warriors thrown down, and others hurrying on to victory, exhibiting all the ardour, all the splendour of the fight. While in another angle Debora sits with the wild wrapt air of a prophetess chaunting the song of exultation and

triumph, the nail and mallet in her hand. The whole is beautifully coloured in exquisite harmony, the battle scene mixed, and as it were hazed, producing a dusky aspect of hurry and confusion. The costume of the warriors, and trappings of the horses are fine, and the whole in beautiful keeping, rich and glowing, but without unnecessary glare. The figures are innumerable, yet varied and designed with inconceivable truth and spirit, some in high and valorous action, others vanishing in the distance, pursued or pursuing, horses thrown down, others, hurrying onwards with their riders, the rare, the undaunted courage with which some even among the fallen and wounded are inspired, the terror depicted in others who fly, the heroic figures fighting with shield and spear, are all wonderfully varied, and sketched with noble fire and spirit.

Nothing can be more inspiring than being reminded by such lively representations of the fearless unconstrained action, with which the brave man furiously urges on, his battle horse into the thickest danger; the risks, the success, the enterprize in the field of battle, all of which are expressed in a thousand ways in this fine ceiling, and surrounding arcades, offer scenes, which, while contemplating, cause in the spectator an involuntary and inexpressible excitement in his mind.

The fine architecture, which distinguishes every varied portion of this edifice, the richness of the ceilings, the beauty of the chapels, and numerous apartments, and productions of art, by which they are adorned,

with the exquisitely delicate finish which characterises the whole, gives it the highest interest.

On leaving the church we were conducted to the Refectory, an apartment of noble dimensions and finely vaulted. Two large windows near the ceiling, shed a soft dim light, sufficient to produce a certain solemnity, without any character of gloom. From this, one side leads to a small court, adorned with marble pillars, and two fountains to refresh and cool the air, one of which in particular of pure white marble, in which the monks dipped their hands previous to entering the church, and touching the holy water, is very beautiful. On the other side of the Refectory a corridor leads to a noble court of a quadrangular form, where the Campo Santo is situated. A vaulted cloister supported by Ionic columns of white marble, encloses the whole, above which in fine architectural proportions, rises an open gallery flanked by a façade bearing the appearance of ranges of cells or small apartments for the Monks. The Campo Santo, which occupies one angle, is enclosed by an iron railing. No tombstone or monumental edifice marks the spot where the individuals rest; four yew-trees alone overshadow the sacred sanctuary. A white marble fountain of the purest classic form stands in the centre of the court, while flowering shrubs, kept low, as if not to interrupt or obscure the architecture, give to this retired spot a placid sequestered aspect, fit for meditation and prayer, and in its primitive state, when its courts and walls were peopled by the cloistered monks, when silence and stillness reigned

around* the impressions received must have been finely solemn.

On the right hand on entering the court, there is a bust ably executed of St Bruno, the founder of the order, of white marble. The countenance bears an expression of deep thought with a certain character of feeling and melancholy most pleasing.

After leaving this sanctuary we proceeded to see the superb prospect presented from the elevated site and high walls of Castel St Elmo. The enthusiastic feelings with which the mind has just rested on the noblest works of art, are awakened anew on beholding, perhaps the most beautiful the most magnificent and singularly varied scene that the imagination can conceive. The city is presented to the eye lying far beneath, spread out in the form of a crescent covering with its surrounding buildings a vast space, relieved by fine elevations. On the one hand Pizzofalcomi is seen crowned by its noble edifices, and Capo di Monte, adorned by royal palaces, and villas, cloathed with rich verdure; while beyond, lies the far stretched campagna, tinged in long lines with brilliant streams of light breaking through the clouds, splendidly vivifying the landscape. On the other Posilipo with its finely varied broken grounds, runs far along lined by its lovely shores, while the Bay of Naples sprightly, and beautifully decked with

* It is understood that the convent will shortly be restored to its original inhabitants.

(Note by the Author.)

its harbours, vessels, and noble Islands presents a magnificent object. Carrying the eye across, far as sight can reach, the great line of mountains appear, and far receding in distance the Apennines tipped with snow first arrest the eye, but not the imagination, which delights to see this bulwark to guard the fertile plains of the *campagna Felice*, and in idea to dwell on the rich lands of Apulia, lying behind these mountain tracts, while in front, Vesuvius closes the view.

Whilst the mind in silent attention is fixed on this rich and wonderful prospect, from an elevation throwing the whole to a vast distance, the busy hum of man is heard, rising from below, like deep waves swelling or sinking as the sound is borne along by the breeze, causing a distant gentle murmur, which comes not unpleasingly on the ear, as connected with all the scenes of active life, while so far removed from their influence.



CHAPTER TWELFTH.

TREATING OF THE STATUES IN THE MUSEUM OF NAPLES.

THERE is no doubt that however other Museums may excel in fine works, in elegance or beauty, the Gallery or Museum formerly of Portici, now of Naples, must in certain points be considered as the most interesting in the world. For here we find the furniture, the ornaments, the Gods, the Statues, the Busts, the utensils, the paintings, of a great people, whose City was overthrown, and buried under thick ashes, almost two thousand years ago. Their books, their musical instruments, even their bread and baked food in its pristine form, only blackened by the action of fire, are to be seen. In contemplating these, we trace with a sort of fascination all their habits and customs, looking with double interest on such as assimilate with those of our own days, thus in idea connecting ourselves with them; and we dwell on the varied objects presented to our view, all of which are curious and many beautiful, with sensations so lively, so real, that we feel as if the people still lived, still were among us.

FIRST PORTICO.

Num.^o 21. — Is one of the Farnese statues restored as a Gladiator, in all of which a great resemblance

may be traced, in character, in sculpture, in the particular style of the pubis, the head, and in the design of the standing limb sustaining the body, which last, in this statue is particularly fine. It may be observed that in the fleshy part of the thigh, blood is not in gouts as in later marbles, but in diverging radiated lines, superficial, flat and regular, which adds one proof more to induce the belief of their belonging to one period of the art, and from the unity of design in these athletic figures, to imagine they were formed for one action. We know little or nothing of these Farnese statues. They are praised by Winkelmann and they certainly possess some fine points; but are unfortunately greatly obscured by their being in general badly restored. On the whole, as I have said above, they must have been intended to have told a tale, and surely not all to be Gladiators, as they are now restored to appear.

Num.^o 29. — Is a pretty little ornamental Roman work, especially suitable for a house or a Palace. It presents a group of 12 inch figures, a man and a boy boiling a pig in a great caldron, the snout and paws of the animal hanging over. The Boy is stooping down and with great force blowing the fire, while the Man seems attentively watching over him. The design and composition are good, but the execution poor.

FIRST PORTICO.

Num.^o 33. — The Farnese Gladiator. A simple and fine statue, perhaps one of the noblest in the museum. It is an upright figure of the natural size of life, on the most interesting of all subjects, Death. He is struck in the side under the ribs, the blood is streaming fast; his limbs have lost their force, the sinking body rests feebly upon the haunches, the knee bending as no longer able to sustain the frame; which is in the act of sinking down; the weapon droops in his hand, his features are shrunk, his eyes fixed in vacancy, the light fades from before him. His antagonist has retired a few steps, to await the result of his last mortal stab, or to give to the populace a clearer view of the approach of death, and the manner in which the vanquished is to fall.

Perhaps there is as much of nature, but there is less of passion in this, than in the dying Gladiator of the Capitol, whose mournful posture, and composed but trembling limbs, hardly sustaining him in his reclined position, while contemplating the agonies of death, are infinitely touching. This represents a more immediate dissolution, a more mortal blow, a more instant death. No action is visible, the nature of the representation admits of none, the face in consequence is formal, all movement of feature is passed, all is still, but it is the stillness of death itself. All the lines of the nose, the eyebrows and forehead are strait, no

emotion causes the slightest obliquity ; and the falling down of the half open mouth, the drooping of the lip, (the most flexible and least supported of all the features) give manifest tokens of mortal fainting, while the sinking down of the forms of the no longer prominent cheek, evinces the approach of that last deadly paleness, which seems stealing over all the countenance. Such at least were the impressions conveyed to my mind, while contemplating this statue.

In respect to beauty of marble, elegance of form, conspicuous sadness, and deep melancholy, it offers no competition with the Gladiator of the Capitol. It is to be regretted that the restored head although well imagined, is done with open pupils. This statue naturally awakens attention, as nothing descriptive, nothing poetical can be so touching as the actual representation of man suffering : what gives such interest to mythology but its constant reference to human suffering ?

FIRST PORTICO.

Num.^o 37. — Is an Athletic restored as a Gladiator. The action is animated and fine, the limbs full and round, the projection of the cartilages of the chest, as they accompany the energetic action of the right arm sustained aloft for defence, is fine, and all the forms general, without any strained affectation of anatomy. Some striking points connect this and many of the Farnese statues with an early period of the arts, namely,

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stiffness and formality of countenance, straight pointed nose, square mouth and chin, hair of the head represented with an infinity of small hard round curls, wrought into something of a conical form. So it is with all the early works of the Greek artists.

The arms of this statue are wretchedly restored, and the sword handle placed in either hand is badly imagined.

It is surprising that we do not find in similar representations, any of the long-drawn forms, and the striding or bending postures, which nature dictates in the act of attack or defence: the fighting Gladiator alone is an exception to this observation, the action of which is indeed wonderfully fine.

Num.^o 38. — This statue is supposed to be a copy from a work of Praxiteles. It represents a youthful combatant in the Circus, advancing again to battle although wounded in the thigh. It is much praised, but undeservedly. In the first place the front of the belly is too flat, and does not swell behind the pectus to the loins, secondly the limbs are badly restored, and consequently the figure is ill set. Thirdly the forms of the head, the hair, the physiognomy and the long tortuous feminine neck, are unsuitable to a warrior and would be more appropriate to a simpering Apollo.

Num.^o 39. — Is the companion to 38, and bears the same character of antiquity; but is mediocre, and, like most of the others, badly restored. The figure is upright and stands very finely on the right leg, which

limb is well connected with the trunk, and beautifully disengaged.

Num.^o 40. — Is another of the Farnese Gladiators, or at least restored as such, and presents the same hard dry style of early art. The pubis curiously curled, the left thigh and leg protruded, the right extended like that of the fighting Gladiator, the forms are flat in profile, and the belly affectedly squared, the breast scraggy lean and bony, with no roundness, nor fleshiness, the position stiff and constrained. I am still more and more persuaded that the whole set like the Niobe and Egina marbles must have belonged to a front or pediment of a temple or Circus.

Num.^o 41. — A Gallienus in greek marble, a beautiful portrait, expression mild and gentle, yet manly, the hair finely done, the bust admirable, and with much of nature. Thus we see the power of individual talent in producing beautiful works in the very lowest era of the fine arts.

Num.^o 42. — A statue of Jove of six feet in height and in many points fine. The head, the sandals are richly done.

FIRST PORTICO.

Num.^o 51. — A beautiful small bust of the young Marcellus then of fourteen years of age. An exquisite countenance, with a sweet expression; the head gently inclined, and the hair very finely done. But it has a fairness, a newness of aspect as if it had been retouched

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and gone over by a modern hand profane, which spoils the effect of a bust otherwise inestimable.

Num.^o 50. 55. 56. — The three daughters of the Balbi may be passed over unnoticed, except that they are very entire, the marble pure, unsullied by fire, and drapery good.

Num.^o 52. — Oeria mother of Balbus, is a severe and probably a true portrait representing a hard masculine tragic style of countenance. The form is involved in the stola which descends over the inner robe reaching almost down to the heels.

Num.^o 57. — Balbus the protector of Herculaneum, is a statue of seven feet in height enveloped in a voluminous drapery, in itself tolerably executed, but covering a form without roundness or grace, the head is bald, and the eye prominent.

Num.^o 59. — A majestic and very pleasing portrait of Celsus Caldus. It is extremely simple, is very entire and is quite a model for modern sculptors, after which to do portraits.

SECOND PORTICO.

Num.^o 65 and 66. — Equestrian Statues of the Balbi, patrons and magistrates of Herculaneum, in ancient times adorning that once splendid and now dark and silent city, at present form the chief ornament to the Portico of this museum.

These two exquisite equestrian statues are among the most precious remains of Herculaneum, representing

in the just size of life, the Father and Son the beloved patrons of the city, done in greek marble and executed after the most perfect grecian manner. They were found, not as once supposed in the theatre or market place, but in the Basilica or courts of justice. They are beautiful, with the exception of being charred by the burning lava, and although neither disfigured nor discoloured, they have yet lost all the splendour of marble, and have the aspect of statues of stone or plaister.

The whole composition of these fine works of art, is grandly simple, the consuls are in the chastest garb of grecian costume, and the horses entirely without caparisons or housings. They are beautiful small blood horses, exquisitely formed; the head fine and bony, the ear round short and moveable, is projected forward, the eye fine, the nostrils expanded, and so delicately modelled, that a slight curling up of the cheek, as when the mouth receives the bit, is perceptible, while the large pendulous lip is nature's self. The veins and plaitings of the skin around the smaller joints, are also admirable, and form a singular proof of the skill and minute attention of the artist. The neck and chest are full and round, the body powerful and compact; the limbs are beautifully jointed, and what gives a peculiar elasticity and spirit to the fine but chastened action of the animal, is, that the feet stand very high upon the hoof, with a pastern joint rather long, and perhaps rather too oblique, but which has a fine effect. The tail is long, and the fore

lock and main, beautiful without being profuse, giving the impression of the exquisite dressing of a horse of state. The action of the animal is fine, but with this singularity that the left fore and hind leg are moved at once.

Such is the Horse on which the Consul sits, a manly form, with admirable ease and grace, he is armed in simple cuirass fitted over a shirt of coarse materials, and bound round the waist by a broad thong; the sword belt, a large leather strap crosses the breast obliquely, and a great consular cloak falls down in simple folds, reaching to the flanks of the horse, and terminating in one piqued point. The left hand holds gently, but steadily, the bridle, bearing a large consular ring on the third finger, while the right is raised high as if carrying a baton. The statue of the elder Balbo was originally found without a head, as also wanting a hand, which were restored by the sculptor Canart. In the year 1779 by an unfortunate chance a cannon ball passing through the palace of Portici carried off the head of the second statue, viz, that of the son, the fragments were however carefully gathered up, and from these Angelo Brunelli formed a mask and made a cast in plaister from which he wrought the present head, which I regret to say but too much resembles that of the Father. The untoward accident which befel the head of this statue was rendered more remarkable in as much as the only point by which the statues were distinguished as being Father and Son, lay in the countenance, since in every

other respect they are entirely the same. I conceive it to be unlikely they should both be originals, but rather imagine one is a copy executed by a pupil. It could hardly be supposed that so great an artist having done a statue so gratifying and so acceptable to the family, should not have delighted in his own excellence, and excited by success, and fired by genius would have dashed off and blocked out a different horse, and a more youthful form, accomplishing that most difficult task of representing two equestrian statues, bearing the same proportions, yet distinguished by variety in action and expression. The effect of two statues so similar is tame, and injurious to the beauty, and to the interest they would otherwise inspire, whereas the distinctive characteristic of manhood and early youth, would have given a higher value to both.

Num.^o 70. — A most exquisite figure of Bacchus of five feet in height. The torso, limbs posture and forms, so delicate, so elegant and elastic, rising on the toes and looking upwards, that nothing can be finer. Unfortunately the head and arms are restored but they are admirably well done.

Num.^o 72. — An Apollo playing on a lyre with a swan at his feet. This statue is much admired by Winklemann who declares it to be perfection in ideal beauty. I find it however impossible to agree with him in this. The head is so awkwardly replaced, the arms also, so ill restored, as would disfigure a finer marble. The design is not good, nor is the figure well proportioned, it inclines to one side with a sort of affected

languor. The lower part of the body is too short, with a bulky and sudden prominence of the hip joint, while the superior part is protruded to an undue length. How could Winklemann have so admired this statue? It is as if he had made it! Which I think any one might have done.

Num.^o 75. — A beautiful little group under the size of life representing Ganimede and the Eagle into which Jove has transformed himself. It is a subject which always forms a picturesque and pretty group, and this especially is singularly pleasing. The right wing of the Eagle encircles the boy as if guarding and protecting him, while the right arm of the youth thrown round his neck, bends his countenance towards him with an expression full of love and sweetness. The whole composition is fine, and the action infinitely graceful. Ganimede is beautiful. The head and Phrygian bonnet, although modern, as well as the left arm, the right hand and part of one of the legs, all of which are restored by Albaccini, are well done.

SECOND PORTICO.

Num.^o 76. — Is another pretty little group representing Hercules and Iole who seems as if she had just put on the lion's skin, had taken his club and stood admiring the manner in which he carried his female attire and managed the distaff and spindle. The forms of Iole are fine, and her countenance gentle and beautiful. But in all of these small sculptural works

by Roman artists for the adorning of palaces, it is impossible not to perceive a certain character of coarseness, an absence of that delicacy of touch so beautiful in the Greek statues. Many circumstances following this period combined to the declension of the arts; one of these I am persuaded, was produced by the increasing number of workmen; the atelier of the statuary becoming as it were a varnishing shop, in short a trade, where expedition rather than excellence was sought for.

Num.^o 103. — The group of Bacchus and Cupid is a fine greek statue; the same subject as in the Florentine Gallery, but in a more superb style. The forms of Bacchus are full graceful and fleshy, round taper thigh, and beautifully soft feminine limbs. The head although supposed to be borrowed is antique and very fine; the expression grand and serious, yet with a gentle breathing-like opening of the lips singularly pleasing. The vine leaves and grapes on the head are very rich, and the hair finely and gracefully done. Fulness of person, with delicacy, sweetness and dignity of countenance, are the leading characters of this statue. The whole balance of the body is very perfect, the restored head of the Cupid is badly done: but the group is beautiful, and an exquisite ornament to any gallery or hall.

SECOND PORTICO.

Num.^o 104. — Venus and Cupid—or « Venere vincitrice con Amore ». — A group of greck sculpture found in the amphitheatre of Capua. The arms of the Venus are restored, and were executed by Angiolo Brunelli, the Amorino is entirely modern and by the same artist, the whole of the composition is consequently problematical: but although Venus is too tall to accord either with the chastest or most approved forms usually bestowed on that Goddess, and the forms of Cupid far from fine, the action is yet animated, the mother of love is not ungraceful, nor divested of a certain dignity of aspect, while the countenance of her son has rather an arch expression; the drapery too, which envelopes the lower part of the figure is good, and the head fine, were it not partly disfigured by too small an ear which is also placed too high.

In so far, I am willing to concede merit to this work of art. But when I find it considered by Winkelmann and other critics of note, as a *chef-d'œuvre*, hardly yeilding in merit to the Apollo Belvedere, the Juno of the Campidoglio, or the Venus de Medici herself, I feel much surprised, as such an opinion is to me unaccountable. Even in the character which it is supposed to represent, and from which it must be accounted to derive its greatest charm, it is faulty, as it is but a half told tale, dubiously and darkly told.

Num. 106. — Is to my idea one of the most pleasing

statues of Juno I have ever seen. The drapery falls in light and graceful folds, from its transparency rather shading than covering the fine rounded limbs of the form. Although large it is not colossal, and presents an aspect dignified yet mild; the countenance is exceedingly beautiful and the contour, and standing of the figure simple and majestic.

Num.^o 108. — Is a very singular statue of Minerva, and highly interesting as being one of the first dug from Herculaneum. It stands entirely in profile, as if intended for a Dome, the left leg is protruded, and the left arm bears the Egis and shield in a direct line, the right foot retired, to give force to the right arm raised to strike with the spear. The whole is formal and peculiar, but from its manifest antiquity very precious. The drapery is richly gilt, and falls in regular folds, the marble is fine and the countenance beautiful.

SECOND PORTICO.

Num. 110. — A beautiful group. A Fawn carrying a boy (Bacchus) on his shoulders. The Fawn suspending the two Cymbals on which he has been playing, and the boy about to squeeze the juice from a bunch of grapes into his mouth. It is a light elegant composition, and possesses much of charm in the expression. The boy, to sustain his position, grapples with one hand in the rich disorderly hair of the Fawn, whose countenance full of fun and glee is raised towards him, while with the other he playfully

presents the grapes, looking down on him with an arch infantine sprightliness, which contrasts beautifully with the courser jocund mirth of the Fawn.

It is antique, but part of the Fawn and almost the whole of the boy is restored by Albaccini: but executed in his best style, after the finest grecian originals. The singular animation and spirit so finely expressed in this group, gives it all the lively effect of a painting, speaking to the eye and the mind: and rendering it conspicuously interesting even in a royal gallery, and in a palace for which it was assuredly intended, it must have been indeed charming.

Num.^o 121. — Antinous. A noble Statue 9 feet high, slender for its height; yet full and round, fleshy, simple, no muscular marks, no manerism. The head is rather small in proportion to the forms of the figure, but the countenance is inexpressibly sweet. It is a roman statue in the character of Bacchus; and although much restored has not lost its dignity.

THIRD PORTICO OF THE EMPERORS.

Num.^o 151. — Agrippina lamenting the death of Germanicus. It was a favourite subject and dear to the Roman people; hence we have every reason to believe that the point of time chosen in this statue is when the last honours decreed by the Senate to the memory of Germanicus were fulfilled, when all of joy was for ever closed on her. She sits in silent anguish to mourn, to meditate on his virtues, and wish for that hour

which would reunite their spirits. With all mankind how many are the moments when grief takes this desponding form, this « longing after immortality, » this willingness to die, to flee from sorrow, an impulse which was so familiar among the Romans; how easy then to be supposed to exist in the bosom of this unhappy matron. All the statues done for her, especially that of the Capitol, are touching and beautiful. By Winkelmann however this is reckoned finer than either that of the Capitol or Villa Albani. The simplicity of design, the expression of resigned grief, by which this, as well as all the others are so peculiarly characterised, must always give a grandeur and charin to this subject. The cushioned chair on which she is seated is without arms and quite undorned.

The form of the Empress is placed with admirable simplicity, no forced expression, no constrained movement of the frame or of the posture to paint grief or languor, while the lengthened limbs, and quiescent state of the body is full of grace and ease. The limbs, are protruded forward with a gentle bending of the knee and crossing of the feet. The soft and delicate robe in simple folds envelopes the figure, while the finely formed arms with a sort of listless abandonment fall down negligently on the body, and the hands folded, passive, hardly holding each other, rest lightly on the middle of the person, where the finely designed drapery meets in rich and bulky folds. The shoulders, the breast and neck are full, but yet delicately formed,

the head a little reclined. The features are rather large, and the lines of the eyebrows hard, but this only adds to the truth and authenticity of the portrait. The hair is singularly tressed up in double folds on the back of the head.

The whole expression and general air of simplicity void of affectation, of patient endurance, lonely and deserted, silently dwelling on the past, and prepared for future ills, and the well preserved character of languor and resignation, renders this, next to the dying Gladiator one of the most touching and attractive statues of ancient times.

Simplicity and unity of expression have been the great aim of the sculptor. The figure is seated in a straight direct form, the drapery is drawn in under the body on either side with the same precision and in the same folds. The powers of the artist in having thus, unaided by action, produced a character so powerfully impressive of solemn and touching woe, are very fine.

This lady was pronounced by the Roman people the sole true blood of Augustus. A pattern of ancient times, and an ornament to her Country.

In general, in this wing of the gallery the eye wanders over many mean and wretched busts and portraits of roman sculpture, but with some exceptions.

Num.^o 138. — A Bust of Septimus Severus. The countenance peculiarly mild, with a pleasing serenity of aspect; the head small and beautifully designed, and the beard finely cleft at the chin. The Bust is

modern, and unfortunately very little suited to the antique and finely simple head.

THIRD PORTICO.

Num.^o 149. — A colossal Bust of Antoninus Pius a noble head, which might suit a Homer, or a Lycurgus. The hair in particular is finely done in large expansive masses; but the beard is over-wrought, as if retouched; which I have no doubt it has been.

THIRD PORTICO.

Num.^o 170 — Head of Nerva admirable and dashed off in a careless original style.

THIRD PORTICO.

Num.^o 154. — A Bust of Marcus Aurelius. Beautiful in design, in work, and no doubt in likeness, the features are fine, the hair and beard exquisite. It is in Luni marble and of a clear transparent white. It was excavated from the amphitheatre of Capua.

Num.^o 165. — Is restored as a statue of Trajan, but it offers nothing admirable, except in the basso rilievo upon the cuirass which is finely executed, and the design very beautiful. A Minerva is represented in the centre, and on either side a dancing figure, supposed of Spartan virgins. The figures are perhaps rather short, and the arms large, and undoubtedly it is not equal

in merit to the basso rilievo of the horse and griffin in the armour of Caligula but yet is fine. It is only in these devices that there is much variety in that line of statuary, but many of these are well worth the attention of the artist.

THIRD PORTICO.

Num.^o 167. — Bust of Lucius Verus, also fine. But in that stage of the arts when the Roman sculptors had become too curious in finishing, they over wrought every parcel of the beard and of the hair. These perforated and drilled beards are like parcels of concretions from a petrifying spring, and have nothing of the nature or elegance of design found in the grecian, and in some of the roman artists.

Num.^o 168. — A very fine statue of Lucius Verus. The thighs and limbs, exquisitely formed, the head very fine, the bending round of the neck and expression of the eye admirable.

Num.^o 171. — Is an authentic statue of Caligula and consequently curious. The abhorrence entertained by the Roman people towards him was such as to have caused them violently to break and destroy every vestige or memorial of a being so detested. But this statue long neglected, mutilated and reduced to various pieces, was after a period discovered, when the fragments were carefully collected, and the whole put into its present form. The Torso, and it is believed

the head are antique. The drapery hanging over the left arm is peculiarly graceful, and the cuirass very rich. But the statue although much restored is yet interesting, not so much from any merit it strikingly possesses in itself, as from the singularity of a statue so degraded from the image it bore, being yet recovered and preserved as if the memory of such wicked deeds were not suffered to perish.

The figure stands upright, cased in armour, the chlamys is finely cast over the left shoulder, and entwined round the left arm, while the right arm is protruded forward carrying the truncheon. But the countenance is far from grand or from possessing a commanding or noble aspect, on the contrary, the eyes are small, the contour mean, and the expression altogether indicating a certain littleness and subtlety of character.

The embossing of the armour over the chest is an exquisite morceau. It represents in fine basso rilievo a beautiful horse, pounced on by a Griffin, and running as if to escape, the rider having fallen, yet still holding by the reins. The whole expression is fine and most spirited. The left ear, and some part of the head are restored.

THIRD PORTICO.

Num.^o 172. — A bust of Tiberius on the breast plate of which, the basso rilievos are finely executed.

THIRD PORTICO.

Num.^o 173. — Colossal bust of Tiberius, of Roman sculpturè. The features flat and vulgar, the hair badly treated, but the cuirass, which is modern of the 15th century, is fine. The figures of the bound captives are very graceful, much resembling the careless designs by Michael Angelo, or Raphael.

THIRD PORTICO.

Num.^o 175. — A colossal bust of Julius Caesar. The countenance is not distinguished for beauty or dignity of expression, but bearing a serene aspect, much urbanity, and a certain characteristic expression of sagacity and prudence. *

THIRD PORTICO.

Num.^o 180. — A Marcus Aurelius — A very noble statue. The position majestic, the head very fine and the cuirass beautiful.

* The characteristic expressions of the countenances seven in number are striking, and interesting as being singularly distinctive. The physiognomy of Caligula, cunning and cruel; Cæsar composed, prudent, provident; Aurelius, princely, simple, gentle and polished;—of Nero common, vulgar, uninteresting. Lucius Verus always a gentleman, Caracalla little, mean, ferocious irritable as a Hyena. Septimus Severus is not noble, but is expressive of a fine intellect, with something of a monkish form of simplicity, a quiet philosophic head, which might suit a Columbus.
Note by the Author.

THIRD PORTICO.

Num. 187.—Is a finely executed head of Caracalla in which ferociousness and cruelty, combined with meanness, are distinctly displayed: the bad passions which ruled his mind, being delineated in his countenance with singular force and truth. Bitterness and irritability, are curiously marked in the fretful expression of the posture, as well as in the knit brow; the contracted features and small sullen eye. The head and beard more especially, are fine.

THIRD PORTICO GALLERY OF FLORA.

Num. 192.—A Flora 15 palms in height a magnificent statue, and also deriving additional importance as being a companion of Glycon's Hercules, both having been excavated from the baths of Caracalla towards the middle of the sixteenth century. It is a superb statue in attitude and expression, and in an exquisite drapery thrown over a full voluptuous form, in which every elegance and chaste decorum are nevertheless preserved. It is colossal yet light and elegant. It would be fine although deprived of its exquisite drapery, which yet greatly heightens every beauty. The person has all the fulness and roundness of contour characterising a Juno, while the form and limbs are light, elegant, and graceful as a dancing figure from the walls of Pompeii.

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What must this fine work of art have been in its original state? The head, the countenance the left arm, which is raised, and left hand bearing the flowers, emblem from which the statue takes its name, the right hand which hangs low, and sustains a corner of the drapery, and even the feet are all supplied. It might have been supposed that so fine a subject would have fired the restoring artist's chisel, and that he would have produced a head and countenance corresponding with the youthful loveliness and grace of the form presented to him. But he has failed both in design and execution, the head is too large, and the countenance brought too forward on the neck, an error most unpropitious to beauty. But the form, the attitude, and drapery are inimitable: the effect of this last in particular is indeed beautiful. It is exquisitely delicate yet not poor, the folds small without being drawn or wiry, the forms harmonizing with the fine contour of the person, marking every part strongly but not harshly, and only, as it were covering the figure with a soft transparent elastic veil. The whole hangs loosely over the chest, giving fulness to the bosom, and flowing in large gorgeous folds down the sides, adding richness without heaviness to the loins, and negligently entwining the thighs so as to show the finest part of the figure, becoming gradually small although beautifully rounded, preparing with infinite art for the tapering of the leg, and at the same time encircling the limbs passing in light folds between the knees, and marking how

nearly they approach each other; thus demonstrating with an expression infinitely true to nature, the beautiful characteristic proof of feminine feebleness and delicacy distinctive of the sexes. * The cestus does not gird the waist in formal plaits, but seems with careless ease to have slipped from its ligature, and lying negligently, reaches to beyond the middle of the figure, concealing or softening the protuberance natural to the female form.

Such are the fine proportions of this statue, such the beautiful effect of the figure gradually tapering down to the ankle, such the elegant flow of the drapery, as it falls over the breasts, or as it binds the waist, clinging to and encircling the limbs, or drawn oblique and lightly across the leg and knee, borne up by the right hand, which gathers it into a triangular and pendulous point, that although of colossal size with limbs almost as large as those of Hercules, it yet presents a form full of lightness and grace at once elegant and beautiful.

THIRD PORTICO.

Num. 195. — Is a beautiful Farnese Torso, equally interesting with the Torso of Belvedere, but of a different character; this last representing a reclining

* A character so marked that I cannot but regard the warlike goddesses of Heathen Mythology as a libel on the female form, and as untrue, as imaginary.

Hercules resting after his labours, while the other is assuredly a Bacchus. The grandeur of the Belvedere Torso is in the form of the shoulders, the marking of the Trapezii and latissimi dorsi muscles, in the compression of the belly and the flanks, without harshness or strained anatomy. The exquisite round contour of this Torso, accompanied with massive strength finely contrasts with the forms of the Farnese Torso, the beauty of which lies in the gentle inclination of the body, in its almost feminine delicacy, the soft pliant posture of the neck, and the small silky tondril tresses of hair hanging down on either side. The head and limbs are wanting, only a small part of the thighs remaining, and a vestige of the right arm, which probably held the Thyrsus resting on the thigh. Both the Torsos are greek, and both exquisite; this only being inferior as a model for instruction, but not as an object of beauty. The Belvedere Torso was eminently fitted as a study for the grand and fiery Michael Angelo, by whose name it is generally distinguished, and that of the Farnese for the more timid and delicate Poussin. They severally suited the temper and genius of these great masters.

THIRD PORTICO GALLERY OF FLORA.

Num.^o 197. — The remains of a statue of Psyche a most exquisite morceau, and a subject inexpressibly pleasing and interesting. It is impossible to mistake

the beautiful soft contours and sweet physiognomy by which the ancient masters intended to represent Psyche. The forms are those of early youth rising into woman; the infinitely lovely countenance is turned obliquely downwards, with a gentle bending of the whole body, the neck and ear fine, the shoulders and bosom full, which give a peculiar slenderness and feminine grace to the youthful forms of the person. The posture of the arms is so directed that if the Butterfly was in the hands, they were turned away to the left to make place for the statue of Cupid, which is the more possible because the head is inclined with a charming intenseness of look and expression, apparently as if conversing with Love, while on that beautiful countenance an opening smile seems ready to play.

This fine statue most winning and graceful, the most beautiful and chaste representation of Psyche I have ever seen, and the lightness and elegance of the composition, must have been indeed delightful, when the wings were raised to give as it were an airy splendour to the whole.

Gentleness of countenance, simplicity, and delicacy of attitude and form are its chief characteristics. A small band of drapery hangs negligently from the left shoulder, and falling obliquely veils a portion of the person. This exquisite little morceau was I doubt not the favorite of Hadrian in the theatre of whose Villa it was found, and is assuredly one of the most perfect representations of youthful feminine loveliness, formed in that nation

where beauty reigned, in the person of a Grecian girl of fifteen years of age.

Were it not for the wings, the spot where they have existed being distinctly visible, one might with other curious critics suppose the statue to represent a Venus or a Leda: but this characteristic emblem and the whole expression of the composition give evidence of its destination. It is a work of art singularly pleasing, possessing much poetic imagination, and leaving a powerful impression on the mind and fancy.

SECOND PORTICO.

Num.^o 125.—A Minerva in exquisite spotless parian marble is at once the richest and most beautifully simple work in statuary I have ever seen. It is nearly seven feet and a half in height, yet from its fine proportions does not seem to exceed the just size. The posture is noble simple and dignified, it stands on the right foot, while the left leg is free, and finely inclined forward, the foot extending backward. The chest is high and advanced to bear up the head, which declines a little to the right, while the chin retires, but unconstrainedly, and presents the forehead as the most prominent point. The helmet is enriched with three figures of sphinxes, the hair simple and beautiful, the face a fine oval, broad at the eyes, yet proportionably full below, the forehead open and splendid—no affectation of frowning dignity, but benign and gentle, with infinite sweetness of expression in the mouth.

The neck is exquisite, especially in the hollow betwixt the mastoid muscles, where it rises from the breast, and also where it joins the jaw under the ear; two graceful ringlets of hair fall on each side of the throat. The breasts are not prominent, but rather flat and broad; the noble and ample chest is enriched with the sly and intertwined serpents, rounding from the shoulders; the robe hangs in fine folds round the figure. All the forms are beautiful—the head—the helmet—the hair—the bosom and drapery—are of inconceivable richness—and yet the simplicity of the figure nothing injured.

This statue possesses in a singular degree the medium so difficult of attainment in statuary, in which there generally is too little action—too little physiognomy. There were rules against both, as the slightest exaggeration especially in mythological subjects was injurious to the mysterious dignity of sentiment, while the smallest degree of over action degenerated into caricature. Witness the Laocoon with his family of boys and brood of serpents around him! Is such a composition simple? Does it not approach to the ludicrous? This statue was found at no very distant period at Velletri and said to have been purchased by the king for 36,000 piastres. It is entire with the exception of the arms which are restored, but unfortunately on these, as projecting parts, much of the balance of the figure rests.

CHAMBER OF THE CALLIPYGIAN VENUS.

Num.^o 456.—The Callipigia Venus. Giving expression or action to a Venus has always been considered as one of the most trying points of skill in statuary. A nude Venus pictured as under the influence of timid modesty, can only represent a form passive and inanimate, and if exhibiting tremor, apprehension, or consciousness, these feelings are insensibly participated, and her beauties are gazed upon with sensations approaching to something of a hurried and uneasy nature. The artist of the Callipigia Venus with singular ingenuity and happy art, while filling the mind with delight and admiration has overcome both these difficulties. The expression of her beautiful countenance is at once ingenuous and sprightly, a playful archness animates every feature, and the most winning smiles seem to shed a bright lustre over her whole countenance, communicating with a peculiar charm to those around her a portion of the day light which irradiates her aspect and physiognomy. The forms of the whole person are exquisite; the beautiful contours gradually mellowing and softening into each other, with an undulating graceful ease representing nature itself in its most lovely proportions; while the finely wrought, exquisite, and pure white marble seems moulded as if it would yield to the touch. The right arm is folded, bending towards the bosom; the other is elevated, both hold an extreme point of the drapery, which flows with easy elegance,

and which she seems to be adjusting, but seemingly more with the object of adding to the graceful play of the folds, than with any design of covering her person. The position is fine, lightly resting on the left foot, the half veiled bosom slightly inclining to the right, the countenance bending rather over the shoulder, the whole in exquisite symmetry. It has been much, but well, restored by Albaccini, and was found, according to general belief, in the ruins of Nero's golden palace.

CHAMBER OF JOVE.

Num.^o 388.—A noble statue of Aristides. The figure the just size of life stands upright and presents the finest proportions. The head is gently turned to one side, the tunick drawn lightly over the person, beautifully marks the form, the right arm resting on the breast is enveloped in an exquisite drapery, which gathered in richer folds hangs gracefully over the left, retiring behind to sustain it. A grand simplicity and mild dignity are the distinguishing features of this fine production. The countenance is placid, yet elevated and noble; the head fine, and the curling of the hair and the beard very beautiful.

A most exquisite group. A Satyr teaching a beautiful boy (Bacchus) to blow the syrin. The design is incomparable, the sculpture masterly, and the figures finely contrasted, brutality, purity and vice. It is perhaps the most exquisite picce of finished poetical wickedness imagined by any artist. Every point of the composition

is executed in the finest style. In representing an old satyr, it is very usual to dispense with much accuracy in regard to the proportions of the human figure, but here all its parts are perfect, while the boy presents the fine and touching contrast, of a full round form in all its members, so as to remind us of a young and beautiful Apollo, uniting all the lovely innocence of early youth to the most exquisite symmetry of person.*

Serapides seated on a rude throne presents a pretty group. His right hand rests on the head of Cerberus, the three necks of which are gracefully intertwined by a Serpent. It was found in the Temple of Serapis in Pozzuoli.

FARNESE HERCULES.

This celebrated statue is most judiciously placed, not in a Gallery but under a noble arch opening from a court * where space and architectural forms and the distance to which it recedes, under a massive building, takes off from the chief defect of this distinguished work of art, its enormous size and bulkiness. It is in alabaster and ten feet or nearly so in height. Far from bestowing the praise so generally adjudged to this statue I almost wonder that it is not rather beheld with disgust. Can a pleasurable feeling be communicated when the object in view, is not that of represent-

* This statue now removed is n. 5 in the stanze Egiziane.

* In the year 1819 this statue was situated as here stated it now stands in the Gallery styled Toro Farnese.

ing any moral excellence, any sentiment, any ideal character of beauty or of virtue, but solely to depict strength not by its effects as in some heroic excitement but by mere bulk and aggregated muscle? Strength depicted in enterprise, with power, with force, as struggling against a ferocious animal, strength in a Gladiator, exerted in speed, in action—is beautiful; because it is one of the finest attributes of the body animated by the spirit. But an ideal abstract picture of strength from weight, like extravagant bulk in any other fine work of art, must have a forbidding aspect. If the strength of spasmodic action, as in the Laocoon becomes a species of caricature, the tame sleepy strength of an exhausted Hercules is in danger in like manner, in its department, to come under the same censure. All elegance of form, or graceful expression—all poetic influence, is lost in a representation of inanimate still flat repose. The exploits of Hercules fire the imagination, as grand, as adventurous, as miracles of strength: but how do such vast conceptions fade before this mere rugged over-grown mass! Had the figure by bending and turning shown chiefly as in the Belvedere Torso, the great muscles of the shoulders and back, which may be increased and expanded by labour, the effects had been very different indeed. Limbs are rendered strong and muscular by labour, and may in nature even grow to an extreme size, but the trunk can only become bulky, and from the reverse of exertion. But while the artist unconscious of this, has rendered the pectoral muscles and chest, which are really suscep-

tible of increase, rather thin and small, we find the ribs, the rectic muscles, and muscles of the belly where they lie over the stomach are knotted into bulky unmeaning masses extravagantly caricatured: insomuch that I believe the most subtle anatomist would be at a loss to define those masses which he most affects to display. No want of skill but false principles on these points alone have betrayed the sculptor into error. Look but to the head joined to this mass of ideal strength, and the inimitable powers of the artist are at once brought into evidence. The fine open forehead, the deep thoughtful expression of the countenance—the rich disorderly mass of short strong hair, the forms of the nose—the fine and fully curled beard from which the lips protrude, as if breathing, are all admirable—the placing of the ear and junction of the neck behind is also good.

This statue has been celebrated for its anatomical accuracy: but erroneously. In the first place in many points it is a mass, which defies all definition, In the next the anatomy of the pectoral muscle and fall below it, is wrong, the muscle is too small the serated muscle too far back, and the heads of the rectis abdominis quite caricatured. — It is also faulty in some of the proportions; the arms are too vast for the chest, which could not support them in any labour corresponding with their individual strength. The left arm in particular is enormous, and in resting on the club, which from its weight bends under it, the Triceps Extensor cubiti, bulges out into something like a second shoulder

and elbow. The thighs are so short as to take away all dignity from the figure, and the hip and haunch are in consequence almost entirely wanting. The left hand is badly restored, the small sprawling thumb and fingers correspond ill with the immense bulk of the body, which requires a hand large square and knuckly.

The legs are the best, but even these are not perfect. But the feet are fine, particularly, in the joint from the ankle bone, the Tarsus, or arching of the foot, which with the size of the Tibia, the iron-like strength, and firm standing of the feet, is admirable.

This celebrated statue was found in the baths of Caracalla, and formed of course the most important object in the Gymnastic school, as an ideal representation and abstract picture of corporeal strength, and it must have been considered as the very Deity of the place. It probably stood in a vast Hall, surrounded by the finest works of art, which must have given great relief and grandeur to the general effect of the statue. As it now stands however, seen from the further side of the court, it presents to the eye an object of great magnificence. It was transported by Caracalla from Athens to Rome, and in the year 1540 was excavated by Paul Farnese the III; but the legs were wanting. Cardinal Alexander Farnese had a design for the limbs modelled in terra cotta by Michael Angelo, and wrought by della Porte. After a period of 40 years the original limbs were discovered in an excavation at a distance of three miles from the baths. But this great artist as it appears, was unwilling that any of his labours should

be lost, and it is only in the present day that the original limbs presented to the king of Naples by Prince Borghese, in whose family they were preserved, have been restored to the statue. This is and has always been a favourite statue: it was impressed on the money of Athens, and afterwards on the coins of Caracalla, and we have still to remember that the Farnese Hercules the Hercules of Glycon! must always stand preeminent.

There is an ancient and good copy of this Hercules in the Palazzo Pitti in Florence, also a small one in bronze, in Villa Albani in Rome. The statue is entire, except the left hand modelled by Tagliolini, but the design of which, as I have observed above, is bad and the execution very poor.

CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

GALLERY OF BRONZE STATUES.

It is remarkable that in Naples, although owning an origin so ancient, not a fragment of antiquity is left. The small city styled Parthenope, formed the eastern portion of Naples, while on the west side of the gulf, existed another small city founded by the Cumæans, by whom it was denominated Neapolis, or new city, afterwards colonised by the Romans, who built the central part between these two, by which they were ultimately united, forming one great Capital which retained the Greek name Neapolis. But if the city be not rich in ancient edifices, in temples or crumbling pillars, it possesses a morceau of antiquity of great interest. This people proud of their grecian extraction which they trace from the destruction of Troy, and ambitious of preserving a memorial of their origin, caused a model of the celebrated Trojan horse to be cast in bronze, which they regarded with a sort of reverential awe, assuming it in their badge, and in their arms. This colossal statue stood in the square of San Gennajo a venerated relic to which they attributed many virtues, more especially the power of curing maladies in horses, by invigorating and renewing their strength. This with other prodigies it was said to have effected, greatly endeared it to the people. Unfortunately an Archbishop of these times, affecting to be scandalised by such

superstitions, had a furnace prepared, and melted down this noble monument of ancient days, converting the bronze into bells for his church. At the moment of this sacrifice Count Maddalone, whose name has been thus handed down to posterity, accidentally passing by, bought the head and neck of the horse, which was still entire, and after a lapse of some years presented it to the Royal Museum.

It now stands in the collection of Bronzes an object superb! unequalled! magnificent from its bulk, and invaluable in workmanship. The head is most spirited, and of the finest action; and the statue when entire must have presented a work of singular grandeur. It is much to be regretted that the head is not sustained in a form, such as to give it the advantage of being viewed in a natural position; since as it now is, resting on the neck, the general effect is greatly injured.

In this collection of bronzes there are innumerable objects of great beauty, to which a lively interest is added, from their having been, with few exceptions, excavated from Herculaneum, or Pompèi. Among these I have selected a few, distinguished among many fine ones.

Num.^o 5.—Is a drunken Fawn. An exquisite production. The forms singularly true to nature, the expression full of charm, totally free from any touch of vulgarity, but offering an expression of mirth and hilarity beautifully characterised. The figure lies partly stretched out on the Lion's skin, the left arm raised, leaning on the *oultre*, while he seems to express the glee and fun,

diffused in his whole appearance, by imitating with his hands the sound of the Castagnet.—The forms of this figure are very fine, but its particular excellence, more especially lies in the chaste manner in which drollery is delineated, as in statuary any expression of the risible faculties is apt to degenerate into burlesque or caricature, whereas here, the effect is infinitely pleasing, in so much, that while looking at this merry Fawn, we insensibly partake of his mirthful sensations. The distinctive character of the Fawn is expressed by the two glands on the neck.

Num.^o 7. — A Mercury in repose. Most exquisite. The forms, those of early youth, are all beautiful, soft and flowing. The figure inclines gently forward, represented as in a moment of deep meditation, the countenance fine, pensive, with infinite sweetness of expression, the hair admirably disposed, the limbs round full, yet most delicate. The right leg is partly extended, the palm of the hand resting on the block of marble sustaining the person, while the other lies carelessly on the left limb which bending from the knee recedes backward. — The feet and ankles are finely modelled and the wings exquisitely delicate.

This fine work of art, for purity of style, for beauty of design, and chasteness of composition, cannot be surpassed. — It was found in Herculaneum.

Num.^o 28. — A Discobole — Most spirited, admirable in design, in position and drawing. The figure rather under the size of life, bending forward and represented at the moment of throwing the Discus;

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the direction of which, he watches with an intensity of gaze powerfully expressed. The forms are fine, light, *svelte*, full of nerve and energy and the action most animated.

Num.^o 30. — His antagonist is nearly similar but perhaps of the two the finest in expression.

Num.^o 55. — A sleeping Fawn. A beautiful statue. The figure lies recumbent on a rock, the head resting on the left arm, the other hanging over carelessly extended, the left protruded, the right rather bent; the whole presenting with singular truth to nature a soothing pleasing image of deep repose.

Num.^o 60. — A small figure, a dancing Fawn exquisite. The proportions, the lightness, the forms, the animation of the countenance, are inimitable. The head is slightly thrown back, the left arm raised, the right foot advanced, while the bend of the back and throwing out of the haunch, particularly denoting vigour and agility, is most spirited. The head is bound by a garland of acorns, the hair and beard fine, delicate and rich. The whole is beautiful, most graceful, and sprightly: standing raised up, on the tip of the toe, giving a singular expression of life and elasticity.

This beautiful little morceau, was the first fruit of Pompean excavation giving its name to the house where it was found. This first specimen of the arts must from its exquisite beauty, have excited great enthusiasm, in the excavators, and have afforded a bright promise of future discoveries.

Num.^o 66. — A bust of Seneca. Very exquisite. The countenance is particularly animated, and with a charm and truth to nature rarely exhibited in marble. In looking on it, the attention is suddenly arrested; the features seem full of life, as if words had just proceeded from the partly unclosed lips. The divided hair spare and marking the winter of life is beautifully executed; the beard also bearing the same character is peculiarly fine.

Num.^o 83. — A small equestrian statue of Alexander. He is represented as at the moment of going to strike with the *sabre*. The position is full of energy; the action bold, spirited and fine; the countenance animated, and the forms of the horse vigorous and powerful.

Num.^o 95. — An Amazon, on horseback, is also fine: The horse especially is spirited and beautiful.

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CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

VILLA REALE.

THE Villa Reale is a splendid public garden, and a great ornament to the Chiaja, more especially in the months of spring, when the young verdure of the trees, and the rich fragrance of the blossom renders it most attractive. In all the beauties generally descriptive of a public walk, it unites the advantage of a fine city and sea-view, with a sweet and voluminous stretch of the bay and its shores, while Pizzofalcone, Castel dell'Ovo and St Elmo, present a magnificent prospect, filling the eye with their varied forms and antique aspect. The walks, dry soil and low leafy shrubbery of this garden, are peculiarly delightful, offering shade in the summer heats, and shelter in the blasts of winter; as it is always warm still and calm, and is particularly precious in a city rising on the lips of Volcanos, where there can be neither walks nor rides. It has however one striking fault, that of being all quite flat and level, a defect which might easily be remedied by raising an artificial mound, which, for view, for shade, as well as for variety, would have added much to the general effect. I must also quarrel with its statues, which are such as would be disesteemed in any part of the world, but which in Italy, in the very seat and abode of the arts, are beheld with increased feelings

of disappointment, perhaps the more so, from their being bad copies of some of the most admired works of antiquity.

But still it is a lovely spot, and many times the views from this garden in the changing light of declining day, when the sinking rays of the setting sun have cast their glowing tints athwart Vesuvius, and along the richly covered shores of the bay, have delighted me; and often when the dark clouds, and deepening storms have made their grand approach, and the agitated waves tossed in the still succeeding sweeping blast, dashing foaming, and in clamorous eddyings, bursting on the shore, I have been, as if by fascination, chained in fixed attention; or in the late evening hour in the silent moonlight, when gazing on the starry firmament, so bright, so pure, so clear in this climate, leading the mind far hence to other worlds, have I lingered for hours in pleasing melancholy musings.

One great and distinguished work of antiquity, (the *Toro Farnese*,) stands here, * equally choice in the fable, which is pathetic, and in its wonderful execution. Pliny is the first historian and panegyrist of this celebrated group; he says it was cut from one block of grecian marble, and the joint work of two Rhodians, Apollonius and Tauriscus. The subject is the beautiful tale of the revenge of Antiope and her two Sons, (*Zeto and Amphone*,) on Dirce, for

* In the year 1819 this celebrated work stood in the Villa.

having seduced the affections of her husband Licus, king of Thebes, who being enamoured of her, had despised and repudiated his queen. Her two Sons enraged at the insult offered to their royal mother, to wreak their vengeance, resolved on tying their victim to the horns of a bull. But Antiope, with masculine generosity towards her rival, interposed, and prevailed with the young men to restrain the animal, and unbind their devoted captive. It is in this, the most animated and critical moment, in the act of fixing on the horns of the bull the cords that incircle Dirce, and when they are induced to stay his precipitate course, that the group is conceived. The idea is grand, the tale is full of interest and finely told, the action simple, yet so powerful, that the mind dwells as it were on the issue with almost breathless sensations. The infuriated bull, ready to begin his murderous career, and already bounding from the ground, his head tossed in the air, and held only by the nostrils, but with a firm grasp, by one of the youths, the beautifully touching disconsolate and abashed condition of Dirce, who lies almost prostrate, on the earth, and is looking up with horror, to the fatal completion of her abiding fate, the animated aspect of the two youths in concert straining every nerve, every sinew, with light and graceful, yet powerful action, to curb the fierce animal, is truly fine. These form the front view of the group, which gradually rises from behind in the most magnificent proportions; the queen standing

rather apart, in an upright attitude, simple and majestic, terminates the prospect.

In the dazzling glare of the meridian hour, when the noontide sun throws over the whole one general flood of light, this group is not seen to advantage, but in the early morning, or in the lengthening shadows of closing day, when its white spires seem mingling with the trees, it is truly magnificent: nor is it less striking when illumined by the bright beams of the moon, whose reflected rays playing partially on the various figures, producing deep relief, give additional splendour to the general effect.

In the composition of a group, the ancients required unity, simplicity and clearness. In all these points this work is particularly distinguished. It presents one simple action, natural, yet heroic, and a finer, a more animated group a more generous sentimental tale—a tale more easily displayed all in one moment, more choice variety of personage and a more lively dignified entire action, cannot well be imagined. The deplorable humbled condition of the victim, the wild imposing grandeur of the furious bull, that is to be the blind instrument of vengeance, the vigour and eagerness of the young men, who address themselves with all the youthful energy, and skill of the circus to restrain the animal, the pure simple attitude of the mother, who having by persuasion subdued their indignation, and who stands dignified and unmoved, in silent contemplation of her youthful heroes, bold and intrepid, yet obedient

to their queen and their mother, is in every respect wonderfully imagined.

The domestic, although heroic nature of the scene in point of sentiment, effect and composition, renders this work, to my idea, among the finest designs of the ancients, and considered as a group, as having no equal. The composition of the Laocoon esteemed one of the first, is artificial and complicated, only offering in the general view, straggling twisting, tortured forms, such as can hardly be contemplated without uneasy sensations, while the whole possesses too little of nature to awaken any powerful interest. The Niobe (and it is doubtful if they ever were a group) too much resemble each other, and are too little varied, to tell a tale with fine dramatic effect. But this of the Toro presents at once a touching incident, and a most animated action. The feelings are wound up to admiration and interest, in beholding two youths won to pity, and repenting of their cruel design, with intrepid courage subjugating an infuriated animal, and saving their victim in the moment of her utter despair.

This group was found along with the Hercules in the baths of Caracalla, and placed in the Farnesian palace, after having stood long in that of Asinius Pollio, and was afterwards during the pontificat of Paul the III carried to Naples. It is now situated in the Royal Villa in the Chiaja; but it is a piece so splendid, so beautiful, that it should be enclosed within iron gates, and seen only by particular per-

mission. Michel Angelo projected the placing this noble work in a public situation in Rome, under a fountain which he meant to erect behind the Farnese palace. This plan however was never put in execution, and it is not many years since this and the Hercules, were transferred to Naples.

The figures of this piece originally injured in some parts, were restored first at Rome, and afterwards here, having suffered in being transported to Naples. But the bull was found entire. The muzzle, the head, the eye, the short horns, the arched back, the wrinkled neck, the straining furious agitated character of the animal is most inimitable.

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CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.

ROAD TO BAJA.

No day is too long to spend on the lovely shores of Baja, to admire the ever varying landscape which at each hour or moment of opening or declining day, presents a new aspect; to skirt along its rocky edges, sailing round its many inlets, or gazing on the calm unruffled sea, lying spread out like a vast mirror, the noiseless waves, the while gently undulating along, brightly sparkling under the rays of the evening sun. In scenes so peaceful, so beautiful; how naturally, does the mind wander back to past ages, recalling to memory the period, when these shores resounded with the unhallowed mirth, and witnessed the insane pleasures, the feasts the murders of the luxurious Romans; when Emperors sang in the amphitheatres, at the moment perhaps and in the midst of bacchanalian orgies, when some of their familiars or dependents condemned, in sudden and brutal fury, were led forth to execution, or compelled to swallow the poisoned cup, and when, but too often, the roar of their midnight revelries, were heard fearfully mingling in sad contrast with the moanings of the slaves, chained and locked up in dreary cells.

The road to Baja is full of interest, as leading to those remains on which from earliest youth the scholar has dwelt with a reminiscence of deepest delight, where

at every step the mind is hurried along, with the impatient and ardent desire of viewing those classic spots sacred to history, and dear to the poet. Passing from the end of the Chiaja into a street crowded by fishermen and swarms of women and children, you enter the ponderous jaws of that Cavern, which Virgil, whose Tomb is situated on the grounds above, is supposed, by the vulgar, to have opened by magic in one night.

This Cavern cut through a hill, passing direct along its base and of $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile in length, presents a wonderful effort of human perseverance; not dismal nor forbidding in its aspect, but superb, plainly the effect of art, and yet as if opened by no mortal hand; of stupendous height, being in most places above 50 feet, and finely, although rudely arched. The dim uncertain light which at first prevails, gradually deepens almost to utter darkness, magnifying every object, while the powerful resonance arising from its vaulted form, gives to the sound of carriages and cars, the clashing of whips, the voices of men driving their flocks, or animating their beasts of burthen, a sound like that of thunder, the effect of which increases in grandeur, as the light of day fades from the sight, when the dark space is only faintly illumined by the dim unfrequent lamp, casting a red glare through the misty atmosphere of the Cave. From this sombre gloom, the eye rests with an added charm on the soft gleams of sunshine, as it gradually opens to view in the distant prospect, to which the passenger hurries forward, as

to a sensation of relief, again to breathe the fresh air and emerge into the full light of day.

The road from this point lies low and flat, edged on each side with trees and towering vines, clothed in the richest verdure, from which the clustering grape hangs down in fine profusion. Here all view of the sea is intercepted by the rising grounds of Posilipo, and the scene contrasted with the din and idle bustle of the city, seems so remote, so silent and solitary, that one feels again alone, restored to self possession and calmness of spirits, as if in preparation to enjoy the approaching interesting views of Baja. But this valley so sweetly serene in the freshness of early spring, in consequence of the dark entangled verdure, with which it is enclosed on either side, becomes suffocating in the heat and dust of mid-summer, and from being so level, is inundated by the flooding rains of winter; in so much that we find Seneca inveighing with horror at once against the gloom of the Grotto; and the deep mud of the Valley. He quaintly says (for quaintness and low humour was as common in ancient, as in modern times) he had indeed forsaken the sea, but nevertheless continued to sail along the rivers of mud from Baja to Naples. *

After a distance of two miles, the road suddenly

* Cum Balis deberem Neapolim repetere facile credidi tempestatem esse ne iterum navem experirer. Sed tantum luti tota via fuit, ut possem videri nihilominus navigasse. Totum athletarum fatum mihi illo die perpetiendum fuit, æ ceromale nos hæpæ excepit in crypta Neapolitana. Nihil illo carcere longius, nihil illis specubus obscurius eadem via eodem die luto et pulvere laboravimus.

(Note of the Author.)

opens, as if by magic, in deliverance from this rich but airless lane, upon the most magnificent scenery; a fresh beach washed by the cool waves, a sea studded with Islands, head lands, capes promontories, and towering hills in the distance, offering a view of indescribable grandeur. To the left of this beautiful spot, sequestered as the Island of Juan Fernandez or that of Robinson Crusoe, are the high grounds of Posilipo, terminating in a sudden promontory by a pointed spiry rock, cleft from its parent stock by the shock of an earthquake, while to the west the face of the hill is clothed with verdure, and covered with villas hanging over the deep sea, which lies embosomed, calm and still, in its lovely Bay. While the beautiful little Island of Nisida, crowned by its Lazzaretto and Castle, surrounded by numerous Vessels crowding at its base, stretches in, almost to the shore, casting athwart a shadow, long, dark and glossy as the polished steel.

The flat sandy shore, the low lying Lazzaretto, white and gay in the sunshine, its shadow floating on the face of the still dark waters, the finely picturesque conical forms of Ischia, the bold precipitous rock of Procida, rising majestic from the deep, the hills, and far off lands, fading in the distance, under the soft halo of an Italian sky, offers a prospect, so fine, so exquisite, as the traveller gazes on with long and wrapt delight.

From this bewitching spot, the road leading to Pozzuoli lies along a rocky shore, with vast promontories and jutting crags; when by an abrupt angle Pozzuoli

appears in view, seated in its own little bay, here resembling an inland lake, its waves gently dashing on the sandy beach, while the city rising suddenly from the low road, and projecting far into the sea, seems frowning as if castellated, offering a confused but grand combination of stone and rock, fine remains of ancient edifices, and antique buildings standing on precipitous eminences, a patched and battered thing, yet imposing from its picturesque site, and the remembrance of its former splendour. In the days of Roman grandeur, it was a superb city, and styled a second Rome: « *Pusilla Roma* » and « *Deleus minor* ». It is supposed to have been the port of Cumæ, the most ancient city of Italy. In the era of Rome 559 it was a Roman colony, and in the time of Cicero, as mentioned by him, it was governed by its own laws. In the year of Christ 410 it was pillaged by Alaric the Goth, and again in the year 455, by Genseric. and 90 years after razed to the ground by Totila. After which during 16 years it remained desolate and abandoned, at the termination of this period it was repeopled by the Greeks, and continued to flourish till early in the 8.th century, when it was * put to the sword and fire by Romanwold the 2d. ; in the tenth century sacked by the Hungarian, and seemingly as a climax to the eventful history of this little city, it was in the middle of the 16.th and then again in the succeeding century, shaken by earthquakes and reduced to its present wretched and wrecked

* Vide Livy xxx, 49.

condition. * Stretching across the bay are still visible the magnificent remains of Caligula's bridge, which enclosed the noble harbour of Pozzuoli, where the Roman fleet rode secure, and in which lay concentrated the precious products of the east.

Our first object on entering Pozzuoli was to visit the Temple of Serapis, an edifice most superb even in ruins. The eye on entering its precincts, rests with wonder on its magnitude and on the magnificence of its columns, the mind, the while, rapidly picturing in idea what such a structure must have been when entire; and when instead of the low and mean buildings by which it is now surrounded, its noble front enriched with every variety of marble, its spacious courts and noble colonades stood conspicuous, offering an aspect of imposing grandeur, of splendour, and beauty of architecture, such as perhaps was hardly surpassed by any grecian temple.

The form of the edifice is a quadrangle, presenting a width of 115, and a length of 134 feet. In the interior was a building in the form of a sun dial, open to the Heavens, the Temple being dedicated to the sun.—It was surrounded by a superb colonade, sustained by beautiful granite columns with corinthian capitals, each based on a pedestal and adorned with a colossal statue: within this ran a colonade of lessened dimensions with smaller and still richer corinthian columns, and in the

* Among the vulgar to the present day it is currently believed, that the portentuous destruction of this city was in consequence of the crimes, and licentiousness which prevailed there under the Imperial Dynasty.

inner circle rose the Dome, in which the Divinity of the Temple was seated, while situated round the outer circle of the edifice, were twenty four chambers containing baths, in which were deep incavations or gutters to carry off the water; and the whole paved with exquisite white and yellow marble.

The waters of the temple were deemed sacred, and the edifice considered as an hospital for incurables, where the Hierophant assisted by his priests administered, and where it was believed the favorites of the Gods were healed in visions by night. This sacred hospital, or Serapeum was held as one of the richest in the world, arising probably from the numerous and valuable offerings of its votaries. The area of this once superb edifice, now lies strewn with immense blocks of marble, rich friezes, with capitals and fluted shafts of enormous size, while the marble pillars which sustained the portico, stand up a melancholy memento of other times, against the blue sky, like scathed, and blasted trunks of trees. *

At no great distance from this low-lying Temple, are seen finely crowning an elevated spot, the remains of an edifice described by Jorio as ancient Baths, and which although only offering broken arches, and mouldering walls, are yet conspicuously grand. Its noble ruins rise dark and massive, throwing the landscape below into the deepest shade, and is especially beautiful

* The Temple was repaired in the 16 century of Rome.

(*Note by the Author.*)

when the rays of the setting sun shoot magnificently through the spacious windows and along its crumbling stones, offering a fine relief to the surrounding gloom.

The walls are of great depth and are in every point strengthened by powerful arches, which with its superb porch and arcades sufficiently attest the former splendour of the edifice. From the fine level terrace which lies spread out in front of the building at a height not surprising, but picturesque, the eye rests delighted on a lovely prospect looking down on Pozzuoli, the grand square tower of Pietro di Toledo, the beautiful bay, the distant promontory of Misenium, the coast of Baja, and its Castle, the mole and bridge of Caligula, the fine bending shore and the volcanic eminences of Monte Nuovo, all sweetly in varied beauty giving life and animation to the surrounding scene.

Ascending still a little higher, to a more commanding spot, are seen the fine remains of the ancient Amphitheatre, presenting an aspect not grand like the Colosseum at Rome, nor possessing that soft bright aspect so distinctive of the Pompeian Amphitheatre, but yet of noble dimensions and picturesque effect. The full extent of the edifice does not appear on a first approach, and its grandeur is hardly conspicuous; nor is it till on mounting the walls and sitting on the seats by which it was lined, that an idea can be formed of its vastness. The structure offers no external character of architecture, there are no columns nor pilasters, the whole presenting only an immense mass of building of an oval form. The interior corridor encircling the theatre is

lofty, from which arched openings led to the lower seats, while from the outer walls there were still greater archways conducting to the stairs of the upper seats, or projecting circle, leading by various galleries, lofty, and finely situated around the whole circumference of the Amphitheatre. *

The area is filled with tall slender poplars richly entwined by the vine, the seats matted with vegetable growth and sprinkled with flowers, and the ruined walls hung with trailing plants, while the steps seen projecting through this rich foliage seem like rocks, giving to the whole a most picturesque effect. The form of the fabrick is oval, measuring 187 feet in length and 150 in width, and was sufficiently capacious to contain 45 thousand persons. *

We now got into a small boat, and rowing across, landed at the Lucrine lake, which however offers little interest to the traveller, save bringing to memory the impressions and recollections of early studies. No beauties of nature meet the eye, no fine ruins, nor crumbling palaces, not even tombstones to awaken

* We find mentioned by Svetonius in his life of Augustus, an instance of the boldness of the people, (although only a colony) to have been so great, that during an exhibition in honor of the Emperor, disorders and quarrels arose to such a height, as to have been the cause of his issuing the edict, fixing places to individuals according to their distinctive rank.

(Note by the Author.)

* In Dion's life of Nero we find a relation of a great exhibition represented in this beautiful theatre in honor of Nero, who previous to his carrying Tiridates king of Armenia to Rome, with the design of having him crowned there, brought him to Pozzuoli to witness the sports of the Amphitheatre, and more especially that of his own address. And it

attention, nothing remaining of ancient times, beyond a name, to satisfy curiosity.

It now only presents a green pool, fit habitation for frogs or noxious insects imbedded in the mud, or seen skimming lazily along its motionless surface. It is separated from the refreshing cool waters of the Bay by a narrow strip of volcanic sand, is nearly two miles in circuit, and surrounded by a flat and boggy shore, thickly covered with weeds of aquatic growth. *

Winding round by the shores of this gloomy lake, making a circuit through rugged moorland, amidst broken lava, and walls of the lightest tuffa, where hardly any creeping thing could live, thence along swampish and low-lying vines, we entered a beautiful narrow foot path bordered by myrtles, flowering shrubs and dwarfish trees, which by a gentle acclivity leads to the higher grounds, when suddenly the beautiful little lake of Avernus is discovered, its clear waters lying so deeply embosomed in the cup of the hill in which it is situated, that even at mid-day it only receives a dim religious light, the whole scene presenting a spot so sweet, so secluded, that here, a con-

was here and on this occasion, that he filled his guests with amazement, by killing with one arrow two bulls, which he struck in the neck with such skill, that they both instantaneously fell down dead. The admiration of the eastern Monarch, at this, and at the glorious feats of the gladiators, was said to be highly gratifying to the Emperor.

(Note by the Author.)

* In former times as we learn from Homer, this as well as the lake Avernus, situated at the distance of a mile were surrounded by deep and impervious forests.

templative being might love to dwell in lonely and undisturbed repose, and a superstitious people might well be imagined with fervent feelings offering up their vows. The dark green foliage of the surrounding verdure is seen reflected on the unruffled surface of the lake, while below through its transparent waters may distinctly be distinguished the remains of ancient buildings.

The source of the tales on which poets of all ages have imagined their sublimest and grandly terrific pictures, are now in our days presented to us in their native and simple form; birds fly in safety through the once infected air, and the tremendous jaws of Acheron only offer an opening surrounded by odoriferous and flowering shrubs. The deep impenetrable forests and stately woods which in by-gone days covered these classic grounds, enveloping the whole scene in silent and gloomy solitude, was no doubt most propitious in giving effect to the mystic ceremonies of mythological rites, as also of producing credence in the mysterious predictions of the oracular Sybil. Forests styled, *boschi dell' Ami*, almost impervious to the light of day, surrounded this lake extending nearly to Baja, in the most impenetrable parts of which there were dark caverns and grottos communicating with those of Cumæ and Avernus.

The vivid impressions retained from the studies of our earlier years, as connected with the high sounding names of Virgil's Tartarus, the Styx and Elysian fields lead us to look back with many reminiscences to those

days of enthusiasm, in finding ourselves on these very spots, and only in a serene quiet beautiful retreat. *

On the eastern border and advanced into the waters of the lake, stand the remains of the ancient Temple of Pluto * the external form of which is octagon with circular windows. Near to this lies the Sybil's grotto, a spot to which the traveller hurries with excited expectation, looking to meet with rude and yawning rocks, caverns and deep dells fit for superstitious rites, spirits inspired, and Demonia; but nothing of this terrific nature awaits him. The entrance is through a brick arch, which might have been, and probably was an entrance into the city, leading along a dark and humid passage, perforated through a hill, like the grotto of Pozzuoli, but of less extent, issuing on the opposite end on the borders of the Lucrine lake, to a distance of 260 feet. A little short of its extremity there are lateral chambers, leading by intricate and narrow passages to a square apartment, the supposed site of the Sybils oracular Temple; on one side of this there is another small chamber, where some vestiges of ancient mosaic may be discerned. From this there is an opening, which is fabled to have been the entrance to the lake

* Augustus employed 20,000 slaves to unite by a canal the Lucrine with the lake Avernus, which in the year 1558 was destroyed by an earthquake.

* In this sequestered scene Hannibal sacrificed to Pluto and perhaps in all his long pilgrimage from Africa, there was no spot more fit than this for deeply impressing the imagination of the people he was leading to conquer unknown lands.

(*Note of the Author.*)

Avernus, and described by Virgil in his *Eneid*, as being guarded by two monsters, from whence guided by the Sybil he reached the Acherusian lake, or infernal regions. On first entering the grotto however, and before the nature of the passage is understood, the effect is certainly imposing and somewhat analogous to the mysterious indications of an oracular Deity. Conducted by men holding flaming torches through the centre of a hill, and then upon nearly reaching to its termination, which although hardly half a mile in extent, seems long from its dark and lugubrious aspect, and next with an increased number of lights, winding along through narrow paths, leading to small inner chambers, offers a dismal and ominous aspect, sufficiently calculated to impress the mind. *

We now re-entered our boat, to navigate along the little bay of Baja, and stopping under the high and jutting rocks below Nero's Villa, we ran our vessel into a cove or deep nook, and began our ascent towards the vapour baths; climbing along the face of the hill to a line of galleries in which baths of various temperatures are situated; the vapour of some of which amounting to a suffocating heat, such as to give, in removing from thence to arched chambers, cut in the solid rock

* Nero projected forming a canal which should reach from this lake to the mouth of the Tiber, a distance of upwards of 160 miles. The plan is much derided by Suetonius but nevertheless it was, neither idle nor unwise, as this alone could finally have drained the Pontine Marshes and have rendered those lands salubrious, where disease and mortality now reign.

(*Note of the Author.*)

to inhale the cool fresh breeze, a relief like a restoration to life. And here in this lone retreat to rest on one of the seats placed along the walls, listening to the murmur of the surge below, and to view from the windows which look out from a great height over the beautiful bay, and all its distinctive Islands, is indescribably reviving, offering a lovely scene of calm solitary repose, most soothing to the spirit.

From this we again rejoined our boat and proceeded under these perpendicular rocks that here line the coast; and as we rowed along, looking down through the clear waters, the remains of various buildings are distinctly to be discerned, even the pavement of a particular street may be distinguished when the surge runs smoothly. Now over this and the various noble edifices of the city, lying deep under the sea in 8 fathoms water, the rippling wave curls silently, rolling over its deserted temples and palaces. *

Nothing can be more striking than sailing under the shadow of that range of rocks on which Baja is situated, towering high and majestic over the surrounding coasts, nor more beautiful than the approach to the modern mole, lying low and flat, stretching out far into the sea, not disfigured by ebbing tides, but ever surrounded by deep waters, silent, peaceful and lonely, as if belonging to some remote shore in a western Island. While advancing to this lovely spot we observed a greek vessel

* « Nullus in orbe litus Baiis præluet æmænis. » Horat. Ep. 1. lib. 1. vol. II.

(Note by the Author.)

at a small distance at anchor, drying her sails, and a little nearer, with her prow upon the mole, lay one of the gully formed sloops of this country, forming a fine picturesque effect, while in front rose in dark relief, the superb remains of the octagon temple of Venus Genetrix; the sun beams from behind slanting athwart the blue misty hills, and pouring their lengthened rays through the magnificent windows and broken arches, offers an exquisitely beautiful scene, rendered more impressive perhaps, by the sensations of melancholy which insensibly invade the mind, in looking on the silent lapse of time, while contemplating noble ruins of departed grandeur.

This superb edifice is of magnificent dimensions, somewhat resembling the Temple of Minerva in Rome; the form is octagonal, and derives much grandeur of aspect, from its buttressed angles, its height and fine windows; these are nearly square, being closed only by flattened arches, one in particular over the great gate much resembling the manner of those of a gothic cathedral, gives great splendour to the edifice. The interior presents a circular form, while the outside is octagonal, eight magnificent windows correspond with the same number of square sides, below are four niches or arches, full 20 feet wide, with Ionic pilasters, and marble friezes. Stretching beyond this Temple, far up the hill, are various chambers styled « Camere di Venere » in which there are some fine remains of stucco ornaments.

This Temple situated on a beautiful extended beach,

surrounded by mouldering walls, and adorned by its elevated gate, towering as if it were the entrance into some ancient city, the fine warm brick colour of the building, its square windows and octagon form, lying low under a line of high precipitous hills, which at mid-day throw the whole into deep shade, is singularly magnificent and picturesque; and viewed from the mole in the evening hour, when the setting sun shoots through the blue mist of the hill over the mountain shrubs, and surrounding ruins, is truly grand.

At a short distance another Temple dedicated, as is commonly imagined to Mercury, lies along the same spot of sandy shore, close under the mountain. It is approached through successive chambers like portices; the form is circular resembling the Pantheon of Rome, being lighted in the same manner by one great opening, and four square windows in the vaulted roof, which seem to have been finely painted while the walls beneath were lined with marbles, and adorned by pilasters and friezes. The form of the Temple is beautiful and the effect magnificent; when after stooping along through breaches in the walls, and entering from some of the lesser chambers, the fine circular Dome is presented to the eye. Under, and along the base of the hill are innumerable remains of baths, destined for health, or perhaps for sacred rites.

The third in this vicinity, is the Temple of Venus a most beautiful and picturesque ruin, but of which a small portion only remains. The form is circular

and in the lower part there are eight windows and four niches, there are also many collateral chambers and great galleries for baths, and vestiges of stuccos in the arches which are fine, but much blackened by the torches of the guides, as also injured by the effect of the sulphureous waters.

At no great distance from this we proceeded by a steep acclivity along a narrow path to the summit of Misenium * a promontory rising almost to a giddy height, such as to inspire while standing on the pinnacle the sensation, as if a sudden impetuous blast might hurl the rock down into its deep embayed harbour below, or into the gulf of Baja on the other side. Not far from this cape are situated the Cento Camerelle, the ominous and fearful prisons of Nero, to which, partly retracing our steps, we proceeded by a winding narrow way round a small church and sequestered village. A superb portico leads to a corridor of fine proportions and grand dimensions supported by eleven columns hewed in the rock, and from thence to a noble antichamber, with lofty vaults and pilastered columns. Beyond this lie Nero's dark silent prisons, dug deep into the side of the hill, each cell opening like the nest of some wild bird; and here in these horrid dens, Rome's noblest and finest patriots, her best defenders in her sacred cause pe-

* It was on this Misenium promontory that Caesar, Pompey, and Anthony held their conference, they, surrounded by their troops, and Pompey by his fleet.

(Note by the Author.)

rished. We read in Themistocles that his deluded victims unconscious of their fate, were led through these splendid corridors, then suddenly delivered over to the guards and by winding stairs hurried down to these deep vaults, there to lie in sorrow and dread expectation, but not in doubt. Beds and pillows of stone, awaited the sad, perhaps the delirious head of the anguished sufferer, left in this profound darkness, with on ne solitary lamp to make human misery only more visible, and the dungeon from which he was never to return, more ghastly. Here in long galleries the victims lay, each on his stony couch, revived to a painful sense of life by the breeze entering through the hole in the rock, or listening ever and anon to the roaring surge below to remind him of the world and his friends. They are named « Cento Camerelle » from their number; intricate passages leading to a seemingly endless succession of cells, while still each stone couch and pillow in these, bear on the blackened wall the traces of the lamp, that burned by its solitary inhabitant. *

* It was under these perpendicular rocks below these prison walls that Nero took away the life of his mother, he beguiled her into his toils, by enticing her to meet him on the coast of Baja to join in the celebration of the sacred rites of the Temple of Minerva at Bauli, and here under the steep rock betwixt Baja and Misenum she embraced, as, she believed, her repentant son, and from thence embarked for Bauli, but the deck of the Galley where she was seated was loaded with lead, it sank, and she was dashed into the sea, but aided by the mariners, she reached a small vessel, which bore her to her villa on the Lucrine Lake. But her unnatural son steady to his purpose, caused her to be

The Piscina* mirabile to which we now proceeded, is a superb monument of Roman grandeur, a reservoir constructed according to the general belief by Augustus, for the honorable and munificent purpose of procuring an abundance of the purest water for the Roman fleet stationed at Misenum. Water in these climates, especially before ice was much in use, was still the great cry, and the chief gift by which a Monarch on ascending the throne sought to obtain popularity. Water was the first necessary, as the fighting of the Gladiators was the first delight of life.

The entrance into this great reservoir is by two flights of stairs each of 40 steps, leading to a subterranean chamber of gigantic dimensions, which is divided into various corridors and arcades, and supported by 48 lofty pillars, constructed of brick and of the strongest masonry, coated with the finest and most durable plaster, the whole towering high in great arches sustaining the ceiling, the foundation of the pillars being strengthened and bound as it were, by transverse buildings of brick, somewhat resembling

pursued and murdered. Her body was burned in a slovenly guise and the vase containing her ashes carelessly buried.

* Every cistern dug in a rock was styled Piscina, being a favourite appellation, both as indicating the luxury of the Romans, and as connected with the horrid tales of slaves thrown into fish Pools, such as the recorded instance of the master of one of these wretched beings having been restrained, by the command of Augustus, from this act of brutal vengeance, wreaked on a slave who had dropped a precious cup and broken it.

(Notes by the Author.)

beams looped in the sails of a ship. The vastness of this cavern the deep gloom and the silence that reigns around, the immense bulk of the square pillars which sustain the fabrick, and high arched roof, give to the whole a character of solemn grandeur, singularly connecting itself with the memory of past ages, and of the times when all these shores were covered by magnificent and splendid structures.

The edifice is 225 feet in length, 75 in width, and 20 in height, (as according to accurate measurement I am assured) but it seems to me, to be more lofty.

We now, after a long and busy day, re-entering our boat, quitted the shores of Baja, its castle, its temples and baths, turning our prow homewards. The setting sun poured its rays, red and glowing, against the little towering city of Pozzuoli, giving depth and grandeur to the beautiful amphitheatre of hills, which partly lay in shadow, just touching, with a bright glowing tint, the perpendicular rock of Nisida and the opposite cape. Gliding along in the serene evening hour, listening to the dashing oars, sparkling in the sun beams, we gazed delightedly on the surrounding prospect; the superb arcades of the old bridge, the mountains of Calabria rising over Salerno, and Pompei fading in the distance; the half hidden cone of Vesuvius, from which, as the light declined a rich glow of living fire seemed breathing out, the fiery smoke the while rising and curling up through the still pure atmosphere, offered a glorious sight.

It is not alone our imagination, nor the tales of

ancient splendour that beguile us, and inspire the sensations of deep interest and admiration, with which we contemplate these shores. It is the calm glassy sea, the lovely harbours, the broken shores, the mountains rising, with varied and romantic effect on every hand; while the serene and beautiful atmosphere softly receding in the blue distance, throws over the whole a charm, a magic of unspeakable delight. These classic scenes now lie in calm repose, their silent shores and mouldering walls alone giving speech to their former grandeur.

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CHAPTER SIXTEENTH.

LAGO D'AGNANO AND SOLFATARA.

THIS Lake is beautifully situated in the bosom of an amphitheatre of hills lying at a short distance from Pozzuoli. The spot is sweetly sequestered, and the verdure around offers a pleasing refreshing shade. Near to the water's edge, and advancing deep below its surface, remains of ancient buildings are visible to an extent, such as to give rise to the belief that a city once occupied this spot.

Near to the Lake the grotto del Cane is situated, which we find often noticed by the ancients, and more especially by Pliny, who relates the fact of his friend having endangered his life, by making an experiment on the degree to which its noxious qualities extended. It presents a small cave lying level with the ground under the rocky side of a hill, on the earthy floor of which the caloric acid is seen floating, rolling out a visible torrent of blue vapour, which rises to the height of towards fourteen inches. In order that strangers who visit this spot should witness the poisonous effects of the mephitic air, it is usual to thrust in lighted torches within its influence, which are immediately extinguished, and then to immerse a dog in it, which almost instantly faints, gradually recovering on again inhaling the fresh air. Whether the animal does not really suffer, or soon forgets it would be difficult to determine, but

on the present occasion undismayed by any past recollection, the little creature at once obeyed the master's call, and came merrily along frisking and bounding, and as if glad to get in, watched the opening of the door; but we did not suffer him to touch the little sprightly dog, so willing to be plunged into this caloric atmosphere.

Solfatara * to which we now proceeded is an object of great interest, of vast magnitude, and much antiquity, as we find it mentioned by Pliny, as being considered in his time as an extinguished Volcano. The centre, which forms a circle of something more than a mile in circuit, lies in the bosom of the mountain, which rises around in fine picturesque effect; some parts presenting abrupt rocks, while others are covered with fine green brushwood, and low growing trees. The approach leading to the more level part of the crater is also striking being along narrow paths, bordered on either side with flowering shrubs, giving the idea of passing through garden-grounds. The whole surface is covered by a soil of dazzling whiteness, and in various parts presenting the singular appearance of thick sulphureous smoke seen rising amidst rich tufts of verdure. In many places the water is heard gurgling, particularly in one spot, where it rushes up with an

* By Pliny it is styled Forum Vulcani, by others of the ancients Flegæa, and by the Greek Monti Leucagii, probably from its whiteness, or from the edifice supposed to have been the Temple of Neptune, or, perhaps, from the superb baths at the side of the hill.

(Note by the Author).

impetus and volume of sound, such as evinces the distance from which it ascends and the force urging it upward. The ground below is hollow resounding when trodden upon, although having a depth of 40 feet. In coming ages, when according to the usual march and progress of the volcanic soil, the whole gives way, the Lake, which will then fill this vast space, must be very beautiful; singular from its elevated situation, and finely embellished by the surrounding rising ground of the ancient mountain. In the year 1190 after the lapse of many centuries of continued tranquillity, it suddenly burst out, with inconceivable violence; casting forth flames, stones and ashes, which last reached even to Naples. Some parts of Pozzuoli were overwhelmed, especially injuring the Temple of Serapis, casting down one of its immense pillars; the traces of which are now to be seen on its surface.

From the summit of Solfatara the prospect is most interesting. Exactly below the eye, and so close as to give great richness to the scene, the point of Posilipo, terminating in a fine bold rock, presents itself jutting far into the sea, almost joining the little island of Nisida, while Capri on the opposite shore, stands up abrupt and stern, with its finely marked outline, beyond which to the left, the deep bay of Castellamare lies stretching along the beautifully varied coast, while the mountains gradually rising above Pompeia lead the eye, and the mind to wander far beyond through the soft serene atmosphere terminating only in the receding horizon.

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On casting the eye around from this elevated spot, it may easily be discovered that Baja, Bacoli and Misenium, had formed, as it were, one vast city, lining all the coast, and occupying the great cape of the bays of Baja, and Pozzuoli. On these shores arose vast edifices, noble temples, baths, bridges and markets; all bespeaking the busy tumult of great and frequented cities. Their sacred temples were richly endowed by noble gifts, offerings perhaps from the penitent, perhaps from the weary pilgrim returned from distant lands, or mariner escaped from the perils of shipwreck; at such times processions were held to consecrate the donations, when robed priests in solemn grandeur, followed by the multitude in votive throng, gave dignity and splendour to the scene.

Now of all the noble edifices once covering these shores, villas vying in magnificence with the palaces of Persian kings, noble aqueducts, and triumphal arches, scarce a wreck remains. Strange, that this solitude, the still blue wave washing the silent shore, should be the peculiar character describing all that exists of ancient Roman grandeur! If we sail along the deserted shores of Baja and Misenium, where lay the crowded Fleets, where the clamorous crews, the roar of the soldier was heard in noisy glee, where the voluptuary, and his idle train made the shore resound with rude meriment, all now is hushed, and over the ruins of the lofty buildings which once covered the rising ground, the sun-beams streaming, fall on every side on their low-lying glories, and your little bark lightly glides

over palaces, and streets, lying deep under « The cool translucent wave. » The Roman name shone brightly, their day was splendid, but short, and they sank to rise no more But even in their zenith and in their most polished state, they were a people, who knew no domestic, no polite, no refined pleasures. They conquered to enjoy, and enjoyed without control.

A people capable of inventing the fine arts are necessarily endowed with delicacy and feeling, such as enables them to appreciate, and derive all the delight, which science and beauty are calculated to awaken in minds cultivated and polished. But they were a hard people, addicted to that rude sullen sturdiness of character, by which they subjugated the whole known world, having nothing to boast of but courage, and a surly tyrannical justice, which they termed heroic, such as Brutus ministered to his Sons, and Cato to himself. This grandeur of mind, however (if so it may be termed) inculcating the sacrifice of the strongest ties of nature as a duty, was at no distant period abandoned, giving place, to an opposite extreme, and selfish enjoyment, became their sole object. In the pages of the ancients how many instances do we find recorded of mingled cruelty and licentiousness in the lives of their Emperors, some of which are more particularly noted by Suetonius, in treating of the life of Nero. Along these beautiful shores were innumerable caves inhabited by females styled *Ambubajae*, celebrated for their dance and song; and when the light of day closed in, and the slaves like animals, had crept under vaults to their

nightly couch, the deepening shades were left to witness the mad orgies of the dissolute Romans, who rushing forth from their Temples bearing flaming torches, were guilty of every excess, causing the shore to echo with their bacchanalian roar. Excitement from whatever source became their sole object; hence probably arose the passion they entertained for gladiatorial shows, which was carried to such a height by the Roman people, that we find their leaders courting popularity, by offering them this favourite pastime.

At one period their slaves and their servants, on the commission of the slightest offence, were compelled to engage in this horrid warfare; an enormity afterwards guarded against by the Petronian law, which required that every servant, or slave thus exposed, should first have a fair trial, and be declared guilty by the judges. The class of gladiators was not restricted to slaves, the best and bravest among them were chosen from the peasantry, and regularly trained in the art. In the beautiful Campagna round Capua where now the guitar and the pipe form the delight of the people, there were numerous schools for their instruction. The master of the institution was conductor and contractor for public shows and private entertainments. There were laws and punishments against the gladiator who shrunk from the point of the weapon, and did not boldly present his breast to the stroke. He that was wounded, but not mortally, looked to the people, or rather to his master the Lanista (as I have already mentioned in treating of the dying Gladiator) for the

signal of life or death, and if he evinced the slightest timidity, deafening cries were instantly heard, exclaiming, tear, burn, destroy the dastard. * If we are horror-struck with the yells of a mob in times of public tumult, how much more dreadful must have been the shouts of rage and uproar excited against the wounded, and panicstruck gladiator, thus made miserably to perish. When these devoted beings were called upon to contend with wild animals, the arena was filled with trees and shrubs, among which the Gladiator was posted to receive the spring of the leopard, the boar, or the lion, but in these fights he was cased in armour, which indeed protected him from the fangs of his infuriated adversary, but could not guard him against the danger of the sudden spring or heavy paw of the animal.

The gladiatorial shows were introduced for the first time in the year of Rome 488 by two brothers of the family of the Bruti to honor the funereal pomp of their father's obsequies. This sanguinary spectacle had its source from the ancient horrible custom of immolating the prisoners taken on the field, on the tombs of the slain, to honor and pacify the shade of those who had fallen in battle. We find in Homer, Achilles sacrificing twelve young Trojans to the manes of Patroclus; and the pious Eneas in Virgil, sending prisoners to be immolated by Evander on the funereal pile of his son Pallantes, in the belief that these

* Vide, Seneca Epistle VII.

sacrifices soothed the spirit of the dead. In the earlier periods, these games, were only allowed in commemoration of such as were distinguished by great deeds; but soon after, the permission became less exclusive, and in a short time they were reduced to principles, and taught as an art. The Gladiators were formed into separate classes, armed in various manners, some being instructed to fight mounted on Cars, others on horse-back, others on the arena on foot, when sometimes they were exhibited with eyes bound up, which gave a new character and expression to the fight, causing, we are told, much animation among the spectators.

We do not wonder that the Romans, a warlike and ferocious race, should have taken pleasure in these shows; but that the Greeks, a gifted people, learned and refined, who delighted in philosophy, and relished poetry, who excelled in science and the fine arts, and had at their command all that was most attractive, should ever have been led to select this cruel spectacle, seems strange. These games were unknown in these more polished regions, till after the Roman conquests, and were never suffered in Athens. Their admission in a public meeting being once proposed in that city, one of their chiefs rising up exclaimed « First, o Citizens, throw down the Altar, which our Ancestors raised to Mercy. »

Leaving Solfatara we next directed our course towards Pozzuoli, with the view of proceeding from thence to visit the Arco-Felice. Strabo writing of Cuma represents it as the most ancient of all the Italian Cities

founded by the Greeks, towards the termination of the Trojan war, and as having existed long before Rome. Its pristine grandeur was first diminished, from the more pleasing coasts of Baja having attracted the luxurious Romans to its shores; after which the marauding Goths, settling there in considerable numbers, Narsetes the celebrated eunuch captain of the Emperors of the east, resolved to expel them; when its walls were shook to the foundation, its edifices and temples overthrown, and the Grotto from whence the venerable Sybils gave out their dark dread oracles destroyed. In the 12th century it became solely a den of thieves and pirates which in large bodies infested Naples, obliging that people in conjunction with Aversa, and the surrounding cities to attack Cuma, which under the command of Gotenfred Montefoscolo, was nearly razed to the ground, so as hardly to leave a stone standing, to tell of its past grandeur. Judging by the vestiges which now alone are to be traced, to give evidence of its former strength, fury and revenge must have combined with multitudes to have accomplished their object, in hurling down walls so wonderfully powerful and massive, as time itself must have spared.

The road from Pozzuoli to Cuma is wild, but in many parts picturesque, and offering very striking points of view. On the left it coasts along the foot of Monte Nuovo, while to the right the rugged sides of Monte Barbaro are seen rising abrupt and high, flanked by Monte Calvi, the base of which was once

washed by the waves of Port Julian, the circular form of which still seems to indicate where the water's edge rested. Proceeding onwards, and clearing a small portion of Monte Nuovo, the beautiful lake of Avernus, is suddenly seen lying soft and tranquil, low embosomed in the hills. The road then runs under a deep ridge, the ground rising higher on either side, when the Arco-Felice is first seen, closing up the gorge of the Eubœan Mountains. The effect it produces is infinitely grand, the eye and the mind resting with astonishment on the noble proportions of this grecian work, although rude remains alone exist to tell what it may have been. It is on record, that it was once adorned by pilasters and columns, the space, at least for the latter, now seems wanting, and in such darkness and uncertainty, the point cannot easily be ascertained. The arch measures 70 feet in height, 55 in width, and 72 in length.

The view in looking down through the entrance of the Arco-Felice towards the lower grounds where Cuma was situated, is very picturesque. The Via Domitiana, a branch of the Via Appia, descends steep and winding into the plain where the city lay spread out, while on a noble rock rising towards the center, giving grandeur to the scene, stood the Castle and the temple of Apollo. Under these and along the rocks, lay vast caverns the obode of the celebrated Cumean Sybils, which reached to those of Avernus, a distance of three miles. Here in deep Grottos these unearthly beings held their hidden rites, sending forth their tremendous oracles, by means of certain perforations,

leading to the temple of Apollo, from whence they were divulged to the People by the Priests. The first Sybil who filled this dread office, flourished towards the concluding period of the Trojan war, and was styled Melacuna the Cumean Sybil, while her successor Amaltea who held her reign 551 years later, in contradistinction was named the Italic Cumean Sybil, having entered life, when it was no longer a Grecian city. From this latter it was, that Tarquinius Priscus bought the three remaining volumes of the sacred oracle, at the price demanded, after she had committed the first six to the flames.

From the heights directly above the Arco-Felice, a noble prospect is enjoyed, which perhaps derives a more particular interest, from its presenting at one view that portion of the country overwhelmed by the tremendous convulsions of Nature, which occurred in the year 1553 which in the course of a few days completely changed the aspect of every object, dry soil appearing where deep waters rolled, plains raised into mountains, rich verdure and stately trees reduced to ashes, or beheld black and scorched, lying stretched out on the ground.

Along the valley, coasting the shore near Port Julian, and reaching to the Lake of Avernus, the village of Trepergole, as also many villas, baths, and noble structures adorned this fine spot, rich in every beauty, all of which with a considerable portion of the lake itself, were destroyed or swallowed up.

During a period of two years previous to this awful

catastrophe, above twenty shocks of earthquakes had been felt in Naples, in Pozzuoli, and the surrounding vicinity, some of which lasted several seconds: when suddenly on St Michael's day, in the autumn of the year 1553 an hour after sun-set, flashes red and vivid were seen rising from the spot where Monte Nuovo now stands, rushing along athwart the village and reaching the lake Avernus. These every moment increased in violence and velocity; when suddenly the earth opening vomited forth dense embodied flames, covering the face of nature, as it were with living fire accompanied with stones, ashes and water, which in a few disastrous hours, buried under ruins the Village of Trepergole; and levelled to the earth its surrounding villas, and statley buildings; converting a lovely and cultivated country into a dismal and dreary waste; silence and desolation reigning where fair edifices, and a populated city had so lately flourished.

During the whole of the night, the horrors of this terrible visitation continued unabated, when at day-break, the opening of which was scarcely visible, from the overcharged state of the atmosphere, the inhabitants forming a numerous mass, terrified and panic-struck, were seen hurrying towards Naples, a distance of six or seven miles. Mothers in wild despair bearing their infants in their arms, bewildered and helpless, screaming in loud lamentation, while others more collected, bore their effects on their shoulders, and many were even seen carrying quantities of birds, which suffocated by the ashes, had in thousands fallen down dead to the

ground; or loaded with fish, left on the dry beach; the sea, in the first struggle of the elements, having for many miles receded from the coast of Pozzuoli, returning afterwards with an impetus equal to the haste with which it had fled from the shore. So intense was the heat, so rapid were the successions of flashes, and so dense were the flames, that they seemed as it were swallowing up the water, leaving the greater portion of the Gulf, between Baja and Pozzuoli dry. Over this spot hung volumes of smoke, some portions of which were black, others of a brilliant white, resembling vast mountains, through which the flames shot with a deep hollow tremendous sound.

Two nights and two days these portentous appearances continued with unabated force: on the close of the second, its violence was somewhat lessened, but on the fourth, an explosion even more disastrous than those by which it had been preceded, again overwhelmed the face of the country. Masses of embodied flame, resembling columns of fire, rose in the air, extending to the Cape of Misenium, the stones ashes and smoke, enveloping the whole scene in darkness. The cinders and stones were driven, from the violence of the impetus as far as Calabria, a distance of 50 miles. On the fifth day, the violent contentions of the elements in some measure subsided, the denseness of the smoke lessened and the atmosphere cleared; when it was perceived that a mountain nearly equal in height to Monte Barbaro had risen, covering the ground in part, previously occupied by the village of Trepergole, the

whole of which with various other edifices were found to have been reduced to ashes.

On the seventh day, many becoming bolder, from the continued calm, ventured to ascend the mountain, some even hazarding onwards, proceeding to the summit, when suddenly, towards night-fall, the flames accompanied by showers of stones and ashes, burst out anew, with a violence, such as left no means of escape to the unfortunate beings who had thus put their lives in jeopardy, all of whom perished, and some were so entirely destroyed, that no trace even of their remains could be discovered.

At the summit of Monte Nuovo, a crater of the circumference of a quarter of a mile was formed, from which for a length of time, smoke ascended, but by degrees this opening closed up, and its existence can now hardly be traced.

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CHAPTER, SEVENTEENTH.

AVERSA

RECEPTACLE FOR THE INSANE.

Aversa, often mentioned by the historian in the earlier periods of the history of Naples, formerly fortified, and remarkable for having been so often the seat of war, in the various struggles of contending parties in that kingdom, so torn by internal division, was more particularly distinguished in the year 1594 in having resisted a memorable siege, when by its gallant defence in favour of Ladislaus against Louis the second, the crown was ultimately obtained by the former.

The city stands in the very centre of the great plains of the Campagna, opposite to Capua, and thence, from being its rival, named Aversa. The road leading to it from Naples is broad, lined with trees, and although flat and unvaried, it yet passes through perhaps one of the richest valleys in the world, and the shade enjoyed especially in the hours of the morning or towards evening is particularly grateful. At a short distance from the city along a retired wooded lane, on a small elevation forming an angle of the road, the Asylum is situated, formerly a monastery belonging to an order of Franciscans, but now converted into a receptacle for the insane.

The body of the edifice is capacious and nearly a perfect square, flanked on one side by an oblong building which forms the church, and on the other by a pretty garden, enlivened by various statues, where white forms sparkle brightly through the rich verdure of the trees and shrubs; a light and elegant iron railing tipped with gilding, runs along its confines, terminating at the public road. The bars of the windows are ornamented on the same principle, observed in all their arrangements, of only presenting pleasing images, and the general effect of the whole is singularly gay. The most minute points are adverted to, and considered, and in every respect it is an institution wonderfully conducted, and which cannot be visited without awakening sensations of the most intense interest and admiration. Here truly it may be said that the unhappy maniac finds relief and consolation; here his angry or moody fits are not excited, his silly propensities are indulged, his peculiar strain of mind consulted, his caprices and starts of passion played with rather than harshly reprehended, his innocent and harmless wishes complied with, and his wants administered to with zeal and tenderness.

On entering this Asylum for the insane, a place generally approached with painful feelings, I saw nothing of mystery, no sound reached the ear, or met the eye, that could create uneasiness. The gate was opened by the porter, with all the freedom as if entering into the abode of a private individual, and passing through a

small arched vestibule of the ancient Abbey, which I also noticed to be furnished with objects calculated to excite mirth, I entered into a large airy court, a fountain surrounded by trees embellishing the centre, opposite to this another large gate leads to a second court, only divided from the garden by an iron railing, which gives the whole a great freshness. Here I found a number of men of decent deportment whom I imagined were servants, and working people belonging to the Institution: but what was my astonishment when I learned, that these peaceable mild looking beings were the insane patients whom I had come to visit. Some were sauntering carelessly along, others forming little groups. Many of these as I advanced saluted me politely, and all smiled kindly, seeming to consider me as having come to be their fellow guest. The greater number continued their harmless pastimes, while some, who idly loitered or loungingly stalked along, on observing me, suddenly stopped for a moment, as if awakened from a reverie, gazing on me like sheep or goats, and harmless as such, without alarm or suspicion. Passing along the first court I ascended the great staircase, which is very handsome, and branching off into a double flight, leads on one hand to ample corridors, and on the other to an airy and spacious saloon, with large windows reaching down to the ground. The conductor led me first along the wide and well ventilated corridors; when to my utter amazement, I found all the dormitories, and sleeping apartments empty, and became convinced of my having already seen, and become familiar with the inmates of

the establishment. Alas! how dissimilar from this are the generality of such institutions in our country, in every other respect so humane. Our tempers and dispositions, perhaps, are more ardent, more ungovernable, than those of this nation; but yet I am persuaded that the irritable state of the insane with us, is produced less from natural causes, than from the mode of treatment; from harshness, stripes, and blows, such receptacles being indeed proverbially styled Bedlam, where sounds of execrations, and clanking of chains are heard, and where dismal cells exhibit features wild and terrific, never to be forgotten, presenting scenes from which the timid fly, and where the most sturdy and hardy, fears he will himself lose his senses. It is but too much to be apprehended that many of our insane at home, are goaded into fury and permanent madness, by this injudicious mode of treatment.

Here all is serene and peaceful, and the only sounds that met me, besides the chattering and occasional laughing of the individuals themselves, was from musical instruments in the saloon, to which I was now conducted. Here to my surprise and delight I found a regular and well ordered little band assembled, practising under the tuition of a master, and I learned from the conductor, that music had always proved singularly effective in soothing and calming the perturbed spirit of the maniac. To those placed under his care, who were already proficient in the art, every means were afforded of exercising it with pleasure and advantage, but he added that many, who on entering were

entirely unacquainted with the science, had during their residence in the Asylum, become good vocal or instrumental performers. The band to which I was now listening was chiefly composed of wind instruments, but there were also violins and basses. The master led with the clarinet, which I am told is rather a favourite in this country. They performed several pieces of music in good style, also waltzes, and some adagio movements, which are denominated by them minuets, and are a species of slow dance, which I was told they often execute rather gracefully. At the conclusion of the instrumental music, a timid gentle looking young woman, homely in her manners advanced, and saluting the little circle by which she was surrounded, with an expression of extreme meekness and bashfulness, placed herself at the Pianoforte. Doubtless the feeling, with which I listened, was heightened by the singularity and interest of the whole scene, but in her voice and accents there seemed to me something inexpressibly touching, sounds that thrilled to the heart and called the « unbidden tear ».

This young woman was in the ordinary class of life, and had entered the Asylum labouring under total derangement, the nature of her madness was a deep melancholy and a seemingly hopeless depression of spirits. She was now entirely restored, and was shortly to return to her family, after an absence of two years, during which period she had acquired a fine proficiency in vocal music, with which on her entrance she was wholly unacquainted.

*

This was succeeded by an aria buffa by another of the patients, a young man, who sang with so much spirit and effect, his manner and expression were so truly comic, he gave so much character to his subject, that I immediately concluded he had been accustomed to perform on the stage, and learned with surprise and concern that he had been a jeweller by trade, and was bereaved of his senses from sudden and severe affliction by the loss of a young wife to whom he had been but shortly united.

After my first astonishment, at the novel circumstance of listening to well-executed music by a band of insane patients, I cast my eyes round the saloon in which the orchestra, raised on a species of platform is placed, and beheld with a sort of renovating delight the ample space, comprehending perhaps from 40 to 50 feet, devoted to the amusements and solace of these afflicted beings, and of the gay appearance of the surrounding objects. Through the large open windows were seen orange trees covered with blossom casting a delightful fragrance; below lay the garden, and beyond, the prospect presented a rich leafy country. The feelings excited in the contemplation, so beautifully exemplified, of the mitigation of human woe, in every part and in every arrangement of this humane institution excited sensations difficult to express. I cast my eye in all directions only to discern new proofs of the exquisite care bestowed on every, even the minutest point, that regarded the wellbeing of the patients. I noticed carefully provided, and appropriately bestowed in this large

apartment, every variety of games, billiards, wooden muskets, puppets dressed in various costumes, and other numberless amusements suited to the childish condition of the inhabitants; who like a simple and gentle herd of harmless beings, bereft of their better faculties, followed with amiable attention to display these objects. All seemed happy and cheerful, the inmates passing and repassing with good humoured ease, unconstrained and polite, yet rather seeking opportunities to address me. Combined with this perfect freedom, it was notwithstanding evident, the conductor possessed the most entire controul over them, a single glance from him being sufficient to repress any approach to forwardness on their part, and instantly to recall them to duty and obedience. One of the patients accosting me rather in an under voice, and with something of mystery said, « Siete veramente un Re? » Insanity may be said to be the very epic of Novel writing; from the calm dignified madness of Richardson, to the clanking of chains, and the naked obsceneties of Hogarth, it may be observed that there still is a strain of grandeur in the disordered mind of these afflicted beings; naturally accounted for as arising from an excited state of the cranium, and there, always dwells the magnificent. Shæpeare makes the poor old Lear say, « Aye! every inch a king ». When the concert was over, one of the musicians, a young man who had sung with much feeling, as well as considerable science, approached me, and intimated that he was the Emperor. This seemed quite natural, and entirely consistent with the excited state of a maniac:

but I presently found, the assertion arose from a very different cause, and one I could not have supposed possible. They are it seems in the habit of performing regular theatrical representations, and he merely meant to acquaint me, that in an opera, which they were getting up, he had been selected, to play the Emperor of Morocco, a circumstance from which he seemed to derive much pleasure.

In the corridor near the saloon, they have a small pretty library, which they were then busily arranging, where an interesting young man who styled himself to be a descendent of the royal Stuarts was sitting reading, and seemingly with deep attention. In a mournful tone he lamented over the loss of his mental powers, which perhaps had been over strained. He added with a look of deepest sadness, I can read, but I cannot study.

Near to this I observed a small room fitted up as a book binding office, in which one of the patients, a bookseller, who had lost his senses on becoming a bankrupt, was busily occupied, in binding some work, and so deeply engaged in his labours, as to seem rather annoyed at being momentarily interrupted.

I was now conducted along a range of neat looking small sleeping apartments leading out from the saloon. After which descending the stair case, I was led into their Theatre: and here we found a considerable number of the patients, happily and busily employed in scene-painting, with various other matters of importance and interest to them, in the necessary preparations for their intended performance.

At every step my admiration of this wonderful and well regulated institution increased, having occasion to observe that while mildness was the great characteristic on which the system was based, yet that no judicious precaution either for safety, or for providing against extreme cases were omitted. Along with the conductor I had also the advantage of being accompanied by the Surgeon of the Asylum, which afforded me the means of taking a more distinct and clearer view of the whole than I might otherwise have been able to accomplish. I found him clear, sensible, and communicative, and evidently an enthusiast in this branch of his profession. He explained the succession of the various measures adopted in the care of the patients, and attested their efficacy. They were, he said, often on entering, in a state of great irritation. In the first instance the gentlest means were used. In no circumstances stripes were ever permitted; but failing by mildness to obtain the desired effect, fear, change of temperature, or sudden surprise were adopted. In a small square matted chamber a bath, sunk to a level with the floor and carefully padded, is concealed, the infuriated patient is hurried into this apartment, and in a moment finds himself plunged into the coldest water; sometimes a pistol is fired close to his ear to increase his terror, and subdue his violence. Should this fail and the paroxysm of fury be likely to continue, and become dangerous, he is not bound in the strait waistcoat, but thrust into a dark chamber cushioned and padded in every part, and there left to spend his fury. When on occurrence of a

sudden relapse a patient becomes furious, he is not knocked down, or beat, but to prevent his injuring himself or hurting others, he is suddenly fixed against a wall by a machine resembling a stilt, the shaft very strong, the transverse part circular, to embrace the body, the whole carefully cushioned, so as that he cannot be hurt. When such fury is permanent, the patient still is not permitted to lie down, but fixed more uprightly by a padded girdle against the wall, his feet placed in the stocks, and in this perpendicular posture he is bled, and finally exhausted by standing, till the delirium subsides. When the coercion of the strait waistcoat is resorted to, the bed on which the patient is laid is perforated, and he is bound with bands which are here, the softest and most efficacious imaginable.

That nothing may be wanting, which is considered in other countries as useful, they have the swinging machine, with its padded chair, which is placed in a large chamber, in which the patient may be seated, and whirled round and sickened by an intense velocity of motion: but they rarely have recourse to this mode of treatment.

Having mentioned these points, I have I think stated all that might be considered as severe, or harsh in their system. I only found three patients in bed, muttering wildly, lying in a fresh airy large apartment. Those, out of between 200 patients, formed the whole that laboured under constraint; all the others were walking in the courts below, or strolling along the

gallery, and as much at ease, and as tranquilly as if in the saloon of a theatre. They had no severe looks to encounter, no dread of unkind usage, no threats of solitary confinement, no interchange of terrific looks to intimidate, passing among the attendants; no subdued spirit stood trembling under the recollection of past suffering, or from fear of renewed cruelties. Each addressed the conductor, or their keepers, with ease, evidently feeling themselves pets and fondled; rather than threatened or abused: presenting in all, the aspect of a gentle confiding race of beings.

Some were occupied in drawing water and serving it out, others standing in groupes, leaning against the columns, sauntering under the arches, playing at bowls, or other games, some practicing steps to the guitar and Tambourin, while a few stalked along with a certain solemnity of pace, like philosophers or men of genius of a higher class, repeating speeches, and gesticulating as they strode along, immersed in their own imaginings. I was in particular struck with the figure of a tall young man, who seemed to fancy himself a representative of the tragic muse, while another full of drollery, the merriest, happiest looking being imaginable, apparently a student of geometry formed his limbs fingers and part of his person, into square or oblong, conical, or angular forms, as if demonstrative of the figures of Euclid, and occasionally tapping his head with an air of exalted delight as much as to intimate he had hit the point. Of such however there are but few, not more than three or four; all the

rest seemed quiet and harmless, bereft of reason, but agitated by no passion. None were seen, evincing proofs of aversion, or grinning with any sentiment of revenge or malice: no staring visages with clotted hair, with eye fixed in one unrelenting strain of passion and irritation. There was not one of those terrific heads, which you look on with horror, and remember again as the phantom of a feverish dream.

One thing I could not but observe, namely, that the functions of the brain in their animal as well as in their rational, powers were injured, their fears were all silly, their laughter childish, and their looks vacant. I saw nothing like those starts, of wild, but grand and powerful imaginations, which often momentarily illuminate the mind of the maniac in our country. Their gait was listless, and even in dancing, their movements were languid. I observed however, that when the tarantalla struck up, it acted on some with electric force, especially on the geometrician, who, till then immersed in his calculations, now suddenly jumped up, and putting his figures into living and active demonstration, he threw himself into various attitudes, with a degree, of mirth, glee, and drollery, that, even in such circumstances, was nearly irresistible; while in the meantime the tragedian unheeding and unheeded, yet evidently excited by the general gaiety, tossing and flinging his arms energetically, stalked majestically, but with the unerring tact, attributed to the somnambulist among the dancers, without in the slightest degree impeding their movements.

I must also make one other exception to the prevailing character of insanity which I have described and this in favour of an orator. He was walking in a retired alley in the garden, making short turns, as one composing with a certain agitation and hurry of mind, thoughtful but not moody, and upon being accosted by the conductor and requested to address the stranger, he did so in ceremonious latin, and after the manner of the schools. He could not, as Pliny describes his master of oratory, adjust himself, draw up the skirts of his Toga, and address himself to his business, but he omitted nothing, within his narrow limits. He paused, made his salutation rather gracefully, folded his hands together, and then opened them, tried his attitude, stood a few seconds in silent meditation, and then began his peroration. He opened by some fine lines from Virgil, and a certain kindling of the eye seemed for a moment, to tell of the fire of better days, but he soon wandered into unconnected themes, and the effect of alliteration, seemed chiefly to delight and charm him. At a slight intimation from the conductor he closed his discourse, and slightly bowing, and waving his hand, he renewed his walk.

The establishment is composed of a council, a president, a conductor or guardian over the whole system, and twelve or more under officers or attendants, one portion of which was devoted to the service of the day, while the other kept vigil during the night, walking unremittingly along the corridors and passages leading to the dormitories. Among these, now hired

servants, I learned with surprise, that several had themselves been patients in the Asylum and were so perfectly re-established as to merit entire confidence: the expence to the crown amounts to 1,000 sterling a year. It is at the option of such patients, as are desirous of doing so, to give a sum of 12 piastres a month, which, in addition to the public allowance, procures them the advantage of certain superior delicacies in food, such as their peculiar taste may render acceptable, to them, or as necessary to their habits of life.

On entering from the first court, there is a small printing office, conducted by one of the patients, and in which bills or other matters, in Aversa, are printed. In pointing him out, the term *pazzo* reached his ear; on which in a mild, but reproachful tone he said, « I was never so styled at home »—The conductor, gently caressing him, assured him it was spoken merely in jest, when he immediately resumed a smiling aspect. In the second court there are two kitchens, and two refectories, each devoted to the separate classes.

Their food is ample, and carefully attended to. They are summoned to dinner, which is served at midday, by the sound of military music, their little band of wind instruments, passing through the corridors to give the welcome signal of this pleasing hour of recreation, to which they all gladly flock, but which they are taught to do, with perfect order and regularity. The repast is served up, and conducted with much care and attention to their comfort, and is excellent both with respect to its quality and preparation, of which last I was

enabled to judge, for while all the patients were solicitous, in requesting me to taste of the various portions served out to them, one was so particularly courteous and polite in his address to me, that I found it impossible, without ill breeding to reject his offer.

In the same court, there is a large Hall, intended for the purposes of exercise, when the weather obliges the patients to remain within doors; at the further end of which their small theatre is situated.

The institution has been removed only recently from Naples, where it formerly was, and I am persuaded that the beauty, cleanliness, and elegance of the aspect it presents, must have been highly salutary to the patients, and cannot have failed to infuse a renewed spirit of zeal and activity in the conductors and attendants.

On leaving the Asylum I entered their church, a simple but pretty edifice. It was Sunday, and the hour of Mass, and I could not help being edified by the appropriate and devout conduct of such of the insane as attended: the orchestra was led by the master, who played the organ; the other performers, ten I think in number, vocal and instrumental, consisted of the patients. The whole service was impressive, and affecting, and the stranger leaves this abode of the insane, the most humiliating infliction which attends humanity, «A wiser and a sadder man,» rejoicing in their mitigated sufferings under this roof, and yet grieved, that in so many parts of the world, it should be so different. In strolling a little later in the day near this spot I met

a party of the insane, consisting of about fifty, walking, some singing in parts, and others talking, all chearful and happy; several among them recognised me, and saluted me with smiles and assurances, that I should always be a most welcome guest when I chose to visit them.

If, as I have had occasion to notice, the appearance of idiotism, rather than violence, predominates in characterizing the nature of the insane in this part of the world, it assuredly does not arise from climate, of which I had a convincing proof on visiting the Asylum of the insane in Florence, which presented a most heart-breaking sight. The most perfect cleanliness prevails, it is even elegant, and every duty is administered with care; but it is a system of the most notorious cruelty. The afflicted were in consequence rendered furious and savage, presenting an aspect, from which the beholder revolted with horror. Their food, which on the day I visited the Institution, consisted of eggs and a sallad, and a jug of water was handed into each patient through a turning grating, which the maniac never advanced to receive, so indignant are even the insane at unworthy treatment; but when left alone and unobserved, he would dart upon the food clutching at it like a wild animal. The rugged keepers, used to these sights, naturally imagine that they are favouring the stranger, when they present him with such spectacles; and they offered to conduct me to an unfortunate being still wilder, still more infuriated than any, I had yet seen. Alas! in the establishment in Florence they only told of the

irritation, of the strength and of the rage of their patients, while the conductors of *Aversa* spoke of their surprising docility, and of their frequent recovery from this awful malady.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★



CHAPTER EIGHTEENTH.

CAMPO SANTO.

INDEFINABLE sensations of gloom and melancholy insensibly steal over the mind when about to visit consecrated ground, the last abode of man, sensations which on the present occasion, when preceeding towards the Campo Santo of Naples were probably heightened from the impressions I had previously received of this dismal spot, the vast receptacle for the departed of a great and populous city. But yet on my approach, as I directed my steps onwards in a soft balmy summer evening in the latter end of June, these feelings were lessened, and I looked on it, as a solemn solitude, from which the dying would scarcely shrink, and where the dead might rest in peace. Something of the quiet loneliness of the place, and a glowing sunshine pouring its silent rays on the hallowed ground, seeming to tell, that while all below had closed, a brighter world was opening to view, coloured my feelings, and shed a softened aspect on the surrounding objects.

Leaving the great Roman road, leading from Naples, to the Papal States, and passing along through a narrow path, on the summit of a little hill or rising ground, a small church, a modern edifice is seen, surrounded by a wall enclosing a court, the whole offering something of a lonely monastic appearance; and here, in low lying deep dug pits 365 in number, are situated the

wide yawning graves into which the dead are consigned, where all lie promiscuously, and where each successive day, witnesses a new opening, closed with the coming night. A just emblem of Death, one boundless pit with many openings.

On issuing from this dreary and ghastly court, a beautiful landscape meets the eye, and the fresh pure air revives the saddened spirit, while from the height on which you stand, you look down to the valley below, where the Sebeto flows towards the sea; a steep descent, and gayly covered with numerous little huts, villas, and sloping vineyards. Glancing onwards looking in a southerly direction, the city is seen lying stretched out far as the eye can reach, forming a semicircle, bound in by the undulating forms of its beautiful bay. The long architectural lines, and terraced palaces, characteristic of the buildings in southern climes, its numerous churches, steeples and public edifices, dense, wild, and crowded in rich confusion are seen, powerfully fixing the attention and filling the mind. Here, we contemplate the « busy haunts of men », where the great, the lovely, the happy, and the wretched pass on, all fleeing fast away, while the scene before us, has lasted, and is perhaps destined to last for ages to come.

Withdrawing the eye from this animated scene, Vesuvius is seen in front, rising vast and majestic; its dense smoke, soaring high, and its spreading base, green in verdant foliage, studded and sparkling with many fair edifices, offers a fine contrast to its dark crater, and

bulging sides covered with blackened lava ; while the beautiful Bay lies spread out in silent grandeur ; vessels of every varied form , beheld playing as it were , and gliding lightly along on its soft smooth blue surface , the Islands beyond grandly closing this rich and varied prospect.

Yet in the midst of this striking scenery , when sensations of delight and admiration fill the mind , the memory still enthusiastically returns to the recollections of home , and the eye rests , and the soul sighs for the towering mountain and deep gloomy glen , the fresh running stream , the valley with its beautiful trees , and long waving lines of heath , and moor , and rich dark woods , over which the setting sun throws the last rays of evening ; and that long serene slow fading light , in which the mind in harmony with all around subsides into repose.

END OF THE SECOND AND LAST VOLUME.

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ERRATA.

Such errors in Punctuation as are indispensable to the clearness of the sentence have alone been noticed.

PAGE	22	line	15.	for.....	and cropping.....	read	cross.
"	30	l.	13.	for.....	ancient.....	read	ancients.
"	31	l.	7.	for.....	were.....	read	were.
"	31	l.	2.	for.....	extinguishing.....	read	extinguished.
"	33	l.	5.	for.....	rude.....	read	mode.
"	38	l.	22.	for.....	actions.....	read	action.
"	40	l.	1.	for.....	in.....	read	is.
"	41	l.	2.	for.....	wonderful.....	read	wonderful.
"	45	l.	4.	after.....	heads...insert.....	read	a.
"	48	l.	7.	for.....	art.....	read	arts.
"	53	l.	4.	for.....	dancing.....	read	dancing.
"	54	l.	21.	for.....	strained.....	read	strained.
"	55	l.	4.	for.....	of.....	read	but.
"	57	l.	2.	for.....	shave.....	read	slave.
"	59	l.	19.	for.....	prostrate.....	read	prostrate.
"	60	l.	4.	for.....	overshadowed.....	read	overshadowed.
"	61	l.	20.	for.....	lo.....	read	is.
"	64	l.	26.	for.....	hand.....	read	hand.
"	65	l.	10.	for.....	his.....	read	has.
"	69	l.	20.	for.....	prectacts.....	read	precincts.
"	75	l.	26.	for.....	propitiation.....	read	propitiation.
"	80	l.	6.	for.....	wold.....	read	world.
"	128	last l.	after.....	Altar...insert.....	are	superb.	
"	137	l.	18.	for.....	this.....	read	the.
"	183	l.	15.	for.....	that.....	read	her.
"	222	l.	9.	for.....	on me.....	read	one.
"	223	l.	27.	for.....	dning.....	read	dashing.
"	241	l.	3.	full stop after	mirth.		
"	256	l.	4.	for.....	preceding.....	read	proceeding.

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